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PREFACE

IT is no new plan, but it is a plan which has not yet been universally adopted by teachers of English history, to illustrate their lessons by the reading or recitation of poems on historical subjects. Such readings give a welcome variety to the lesson, and since men and events are here treated exclusively from the romantic and imaginative point of view, they form a useful antidote to the dry statements of the text-books into which are compressed the splendid annals of our past. For many reasons, histories for school use must necessarily be somewhat dull; to write accurately and soundly the story of two thousand years, in such a manner that the book may be both cheap and portable, is no easy matter, and much picturesque detail must inevitably be omitted. But it is the imperative duty of every teacher to see that these dry bones do not represent to children the glorious body of history; it is his duty to animate and vivify the tale by recalling the motives and passions that thrilled our ancestors, to remember that chronology is not history, and to seize one of the few opportunities afforded by the school curriculum to appeal to the human sympathies and moral judgment of his pupils.

One of the best means of doing this, I submit, is by the reading of ballads and poems on historical subjects. It may be argued that such poems are seldom historically accurate; that they give a perverted view of men and facts. This is quite true. But it is for the teacher to guard against these dangers, to point out discrepancies, and to show where the poetic story is biased by party feeling. If this is done, little harm can ensue, and I venture to affirm that the class will have a much better chance of remembering and realising the causes of, let me say, the deposition of Richard II., if the bare account in the text-book be supplemented by the dramatic view of the same subject in Shakespeare's *Richard II.* and *Henry IV.* For after all, the permanence of any fact in the memory depends altogether on the depth of the impression it has made on the mind, and it is better to give a vivid and clear-cut impression in the first instance than to disgust the learner by the continual repetition of unadorned statements.

In this selection of historical poetry an endeavour has been made to choose chiefly those poems which are remarkable for literary qualities as well as for historic interest. Where it has been found possible, contemporary poems have been given; these have in some few instances been modernised or abridged to suit the requirements of pupils under school age. Very sincere thanks are due to Mr Swinburne, Sir Lewis Morris, and Mr Gerald Massey for their generous permission to include

the poems over their signatures ; and it is to be regretted that the exigencies of copyright prevent me from adding many fine ballads by Lord Tennyson, R. Browning, D. G. Rossetti, and others whose names will readily occur to the reader. From the existing mass of historical poetry a book many times the size of the present selection might easily be made, but it is hoped that this edition may prove serviceable to both teachers and pupils by reason of its convenient size and moderate price.

C. L. T.

CONTENTS

	Page
Boadicea	<i>W. Cowper</i> 1
Morte D'Arthur	<i>Lord Tennyson</i> 3
The Discoverer of the North Cape	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> 6
The Battle of Brunanburh	<i>From the Old English Chronicle</i> 11
The Battle of Maldon	<i>Contemporary Poem</i> 15
The Onset of Taillefer	<i>Robert Wace</i> 19
The Norman Baron	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> 22
Tyrrel and Rufus	<i>W. S. Landor</i> 25
Gilbert Becket and the Fair Saracen	<i>Sir L. Morris</i> 29
A Ballad of King Richard I.	<i>Contemporary Poem</i> 36
Prince Arthur and Hubert	<i>W. Shakespeare</i> 38
A Ballad on the Death of Simon de Montford	<i>Contemporary Poem</i> 43
The Bard	<i>T. Gray</i> 46
Gude Wallace	<i>Old Ballad</i> 51
Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace Bled	<i>Robert Burns</i> 56
On the Death of King Edward I.	<i>Contemporary Poem</i> 57
Gaveston Receives the News of the Death of Edward I.	<i>G. Marlowe</i> 59
The Last Hours of Edward II.	<i>M. Drayton</i> 62
Character of a Knight	<i>G. Chaucer</i> 64
Character of a Monk	<i>G. Chaucer</i> 65
John of Gaunt Consols Bolingbroke for his Exile	<i>W. Shakespeare</i> 66
Condition of the Peasantry in the Reign of Richard II.	<i>W. Langland</i> 69
The Battle of Otterburn	<i>Old Ballad</i> 69
The Death of Richard II.	<i>W. Shakespeare</i> 76
London Lackpenny	<i>J. Lydgate</i> 78
Henry IV.'s Advice to Prince Hal	<i>W. Shakespeare</i> 83
The Battle of Agincourt	<i>M. Drayton</i> 85

		Page
Henry V.'s Speech before Agincourt	<i>W. Shakespeare</i>	89
Soliloquy of Henry VI. at the Battle of Towton	<i>W. Shakespeare</i>	91
The Betrayal of Henry, Duke of Buckingham	<i>T. Sackville</i>	93
The Murder of the Princes in the Tower	<i>W. Shakespeare</i>	96
Bosworth Field	<i>W. Shakespeare</i>	99
Henry VII. and Perkin Warbeck .	<i>J. Ford</i>	101
The Scotch Camp at Flodden .	<i>Sir W. Scott</i>	105
The Disgrace of Wolsey . . .	<i>W. Shakespeare</i>	108
Katherine of Aragon hears the News of Wolsey's Death	<i>W. Shakespeare</i>	112
In Praise of Queen Elizabeth .	<i>W. Shakespeare</i>	115
Raleigh brings Spenser to the Court of Queen Elizabeth .	<i>E. Spenser</i>	117
Lady Jane's Lament	<i>Contemporary Ballad</i>	118
The Rising in the North . . .	<i>Old Ballad</i>	119
Sir Humphrey Gilbert	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	125
The Death of Mary Stuart . . .	<i>A. C. Swinburne</i>	127
The Armada	<i>A. C. Swinburne</i>	132
The Armada	<i>Lord Macaulay</i>	133
The Death of Leicester	<i>E. Spenser</i>	138
Essex at Cadiz	<i>Contemporary Poem</i>	139
Verses made by the Earl of Essex in his Trouble	141
On Elizabeth, Queen of England .	<i>Contemporary Poem</i>	141
To the Virginian Voyage	<i>M. Drayton</i>	142
The Old and the Young Courtier .	<i>Old Ballad</i>	145
On Sir W. Raleigh's Death . . .	<i>Contemporary Poem</i>	148
The Pilgrim Fathers	<i>F. Hemans</i>	149
Lament on the State of the English Church	<i>J. Milton</i>	151
When the King Enjoys his Own again	<i>M. Parker</i>	152
Sir Nicholas at Marston Moor . .	<i>W. M. Praed</i>	154
The Battle of Naseby	<i>Lord Macaulay</i>	157

CONTENTS

xi

	Page
The Battle of Philiphaugh	160
To the Lord General Cromwell	163
An Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland	164
The Sale of Rebellious Household Stuff	167
On the Late Massacre in Piedmont	169
Robert Blake	170
From the Ode to the Royal Society	174
The Fire of London	176
Royal Resolutions	178
Character of the Earl of Shaftesbury	180
Character of Buckingham	182
The Death of Buckingham	183
Epitaph on Charles II.	184
O what's the Rhyme to Porringer	184
The Battle of Blenheim	185
The Thistle and the Rose	188
The Wee Wee German Lairdie	189
Derwentwater's Farewell	190
A South-Sea Ballad	192
The Vicar of Bray	195
Admiral Hosier's Ghost	197
Johnnie Cope	200
Charlie is my Darling	203
O'er the Water to Charlie	204
Drumossie Muir	205
The Scotch Exile's Lament	206
God Bless the King	207
Hearts of Oak	207
Lord Chatham's Prophecy	209
Character of Chatham	213
Character of Burke	213
The Dungannon Convention	214
On the Restoration of the Forfeited Estates	216
The French Revolution	218
France : an Ode	220

		Page
The Battle of the Baltic	<i>T. Campbell.</i>	223
September 1802	<i>W. Wordsworth</i>	226
To the Men of Kent. October 1803	<i>W. Wordsworth</i>	227
The Arrival of Nelson's Corpse	<i>G. Dibdin</i>	228
To Thomas Clarkson	<i>W. Wordsworth</i>	228
Lines on the Death of Fox	<i>W. Wordsworth</i>	229
The Burial of Sir John Moore	<i>C. Wolfe</i>	230
Thoughts of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland	<i>W. Wordsworth</i>	232
Waterloo	<i>Lord Byron</i>	232
Death of the Princess Charlotte	<i>Lord Byron</i>	236
England in 1819	<i>P. B. Shelley</i>	238
Exhortation to Mrs Fry	<i>Lord Byron</i>	238
Song (From Corn Law Rhymes)	<i>E. Elliot</i>	239
The Press	<i>E. Elliot</i>	241
Queen Victoria's First Parliament	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	242
The Men of 'Forty-Eight	<i>G. Massey</i>	243
Wellington and Nelson	<i>Lord Tennyson</i>	245
The Charge of the Light Brigade	<i>Lord Tennyson</i>	247
To Queen Victoria	<i>Lord Tennyson</i>	249
NOTES		253

BOADICEA

61

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought with an indignant mien
Counsel of her country's gods :

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Ev'ry burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief :

“ Princess ! if our agéd eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

“ Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt ;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

“ Rome, for empire long renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states ;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

“ Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name ;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

“ Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

“ Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway ;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.”

Such the bard's prophetic words
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow ;
Rush'd to battle, fought and died :
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

“ Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due :
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you.”

WILLIAM COWPER.

MORTE D'ARTHUR

520 (?)

AND answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :
“ My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.”

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the king,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, “ Quick, quick !
I fear it is too late, and I shall die.”

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walked,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right,
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based

His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them ; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world !

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
And to the barge they came. There those three queens
Put forth their hands, and took the king, and wept.
But she that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood : for all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne—were parched with dust ;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,

Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
 So like a shatter'd column lay the king ;
 Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
 From spur to plume a star of tournament,
 Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere :
 "Ah! my lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
 For now I see the true old times are dead,
 When every morning brought a noble chance,
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.
 Such times have been not since the light that led
 The holy elders with the gift of myrrh.
 But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
 Which was an image of the mighty world ;
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,
 And the days darken round me, and the years,
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
 "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
 And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
 Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
 I have lived my life ; and that which I have done
 May He within Himself make pure ! but thou,
 If thou shouldst never see my face again
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats

That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE

c. 890

OTHER, the old sea-captain,
Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
Brought a snow-white walrus tooth,
Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,
Like a boy's his eye appeared ;
His hair was yellow as hay,
But the threads of a silvery gray.
Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere,
His cheek had the colour of oak ;
With a kind of laugh in his speech,
Like the sea tide on a beach,
As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Had a book upon his knees,
And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
Into the Arctic Seas.

“So far as I live to the northward,
No man lives north to me ;
To the east are wild mountain-chains,
And beyond them meres and plains ;
To the westward all is sea.

So far as I live to the northward
From the harbour of Skeringes-hale,
If you only sailed by day,
With a fair wind all the way
More than a month would you sail.

I own six hundred reindeer,
 With sheep and swine beside ;
I have tribute from the Finns,
Whalebone and reindeer-skins
 And ropes of walrus hide.

I ploughed the land with horses,
 But my heart was ill at ease,
For the old sea-faring men
Came to me now and then
 With their sagas of the seas :—

Of Iceland and of Greenland,
 And the stormy Hebrides
And the undiscovered deep :—
I could not eat nor sleep
 For thinking of those seas.

To the northward stretched the desert
 How far I fain would know ;
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north
 As far as the whale-ships go.

To the west of me was the ocean,
 To the right the desolate shore,
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale
 Till after three days more.

The days grew longer and longer
 Till they became as one,
 And southward through the haze
 I saw the sullen blaze
 Of the red mid-night sun.

And then uprose before me
 Upon the water's edge,
 The huge and haggard shape
 Of that unknown North Cape,
 Whose form is like a wedge.

The sea was rough and stormy,
 The tempest howled and wailed,
 And the sea-fog, like a ghost
 Haunted that dreary coast,
 But onward still I sailed.

Four days I steered to eastward,
 Four days without a night;
 Round in a fiery ring
 Went the great sun, O king,
 With red and lurid light.

* * * * *

And now the land," said Othere,
 "Bent southward suddenly,
 And I followed the curving shore
 And ever southward bore
 Into a nameless sea.

And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale and the seal;
Ha! 'twas a noble game,
And like the lightning's flame
Flew our harpoons of steel.

There were six of us altogether,
Norsemen of Helgoland,
In two days and no more
We killed of them threescore
And dragged them to the strand."

Here Alfred the Truth-teller
Suddenly closed his book
And lifted his blue eyes
With doubt and strange surmise
Depicted in their look.

And Othere, the old sea-captain,
Stared at him wild and weird,
Then smiled, till his shining teeth
Gleamed white from underneath
His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,
In witness of the truth,
Raising his noble head,
He stretched his brown hand, and said,
"Behold this walrus-tooth!"

THE BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH

937

THEN Ethelstan King,
Lord over earls,
The bracelet-bestower,
And eke his brother,
Edward Atheling,
Life-long glory
Won by warring,
With edge of the sword
At Brunanburh.
The shield wall they clove ;
With the hammer's leavings
They hewed the phalanx,
The offspring of Edward.
As it was given them
By their forefathers,
That they in fight oft
'Gainst every foeman
Their land should defend,
Their hoard and their homes.
The foemen cringed,
And the sea-goers,
The Scottish people
Fell death-doomed,
The field was drenched
With blood of the warriors
From when the sun arose

Bright in the morning,
The mighty planet
O'er the earth glided,
Light of the Lord,
The Eternal Ruler,
Until the noble one
Sank to his setting.
There lay many a man,
Pierced with the spears ;
Many a Northman,
Shot o'er the shield ;
Many a Scotchman eke,
Weary of war.
But all the life-long day
Forth the West Saxons went,
In warlike companies
Following the foeman's track,
Behind the flyers,
Terribly hewing
With mill-sharp maces.
Nor did the Mercians
Shrink from the hand-play,
Against the heroes
Who with Anlaf
Over the watery surge,
Over the ocean's lap,
Doomed to the conflict
Sought out the land.
There on the battle-field
Five young kings
Lulled by the sword edge

Slumbered together.
Likewise seven
Of the earls of Anlaf,
And countless men,
Scotchmen and shipmen.
There put to flight was
The chief of the Northmen,
Driven by need
To the ship's prow
With a little band.
He pushed then his bark out,
The King departed
Over the fallow flood,
Saving his life.
Likewise also
The old one in flight, came
Constantine
To his northern kin.
Little need had
The hoary warrior
To boast of battle,
Reft of his kinsmen,
Robbed of his comrades
On battlefield;
Slain in the conflict,
There on the war-stead,
Pierced through with wounds,
Left he his son,
Young in the war.
The grey-haired warrior
Needed not boast him

Of the sword slaughter,
The old deceiver,
Nor Anlaf either;
With fragments of armies,
Small vaunt could they make
That in battle-work
They had the better,
In places of slaughter,
When banners were joining,
And spear-heads were mingling,
And men rushed together
And weapons were clashing,
The game that they played
With the children of Edward.
Then in their nail-decked boats
Went forth the Northmen,
The leaving of arrows,
Over the fallow sea,
Over the waters deep
Dublin to visit.
And sad in mind once more
Sought they their country
Likewise the brothers twain
King and Atheling
Turned to their kindred,
The land of Wessex,
In war rejoicing.
Left they behind them,
To the swart raven
Horny of nib
And the white-tipped eagle,

Corpses for feasting,
 Sallow and pallid ;
 To the greedy hawk,
 And that grey beast
 The wolf of the weald.
 Never was slaughter
 More in this island,
 More people overthrown,
 Slain with the sword-edge,
 As the old stories say
 And ancient teachers,
 Since from the east here,
 English and Saxons
 Came o'er the water's edge,
 Seeking out Britain,
 Warriors haughty,
 Subduing the Welsh,
 And eager for glory
 Found here a home.

*(Freely rendered from the Old English
 Chronicle for the year 937.)*

THE BATTLE OF MALDON

992

I. THE CHALLENGE

THEN Byrhtnoth began to exhort his men,
 He rode and advised them, taught the warriors
 How they should stand and guard the place,

And bade them hold their shields rightly
Firm with their hands, and to fear nothing.
When he had well encouraged the soldiers
He alighted among the troops that to him were dearest,
Where he knew his followers to be most faithful.
Then there stood on the shore, and fiercely shouted
A messenger of the pirates, he spoke with words
Boasting he said to the leader,
The message of the sea-goers, as he stood on the shore.
“The bold sea-men send me to thee,
They command me to say to thee that thou must send
quickly
Treasure in exchange for safety, and it is better for you
That ye should buy off this spear-rush with tribute
Than that we so fiercely should join battle.
Nor need we slay each other, if you are sufficient to it,
We will conclude peace by means of money.
If thou dost counsel it, thou who art here most powerful
That thou wilt save thy people,
Give to the sea-men at their own choice
Money for peace, and make a treaty with us,
We will betake us with the treasure to our ships
Fare on the flood and keep peace with you.”

Byrhtnoth spoke, he raised his shield,
Brandished a slender spear, and spake with words,
Ireful and resolute, he gave him answer :
“Hearest, thou, seafarer, what this folk sayeth?
They will give you spears as tribute,
The deadly dart and the ancient sword,
The war-gear that avails you nought in the fight :

Messenger of the pirates, announce to them in answer,
 Speak to thy people a great hostile saying,
 'That here stands undaunted an earl with his troop
 Who will defend this heritage,
 The land of Ethelred, of my prince,
 The folk and country ; the heathen shall fall
 In the fight. Too shameful it seems to me
 That ye should go hence with our treasure to your
 ships
 Unfought, now that ye thus far hither
 Have come in on our land.
 Nor shall ye so lightly obtain money,
 Rather shall the point and edge make peace between us
 The grim war-play, ere we give tribute.

II. THE FIGHT

Then the earl began in his pride
 To allow too much ground to the enemy,
 Began to call over the cold water,
 The son of Brihthelm, (the warriors listened).
 "Now room is made for you, come quickly to us,
 Men to the fight ; God alone knows
 Who shall possess this place of slaughter."
 The warriors advanced, they cared not for the water
 The host of pirates, went over the Panta,
 Over the bright water they bore their shields,
 The sea-men bore on land their bucklers.
 There against the foe stood ready
 Byrhtnoth with his men ; he commanded them
 To build a phalanx with shields and defend the host

Firmly against the foe. Then was the fight near,
Glory in battle ; the time had come
When the doomed men should fall there on the field.
Then was a tumult raised, the ravens hovered,
The eagle greedy of carrion, and on the earth was a
great cry.
They let then from their hands the hardened spears,
The sharpened arrows fly.
The bows were busy, the shield received the point,
Bitter was the battle-rush, the warriors fell,
On either side the heroes lay.

III. THE DEATH OF BYRHTNOTH

Let then a certain warrior a dart from his hands,
Fly from his palms, so that it went forth too far
Through the noble thane of Ethelred.
By his side stood an ungrown youth,
A boy in the fight, who full boldly
Snatched from the leader the bloody dart,
The son of Wulfstan, Wulfmer the young ;
He let then a sharp arrow fare forth,
The point entered in so that he lay on the ground,
Who had before pierced his lord too fiercely.
Went then a treacherous man to the earl,
He would take treasure from the hero,
His arms and rings, and the adorned sword,
Then Byrhtnoth drew his hilt from the sheath,
Broad and sharp of edge, and struck his corselet.
But a certain sea-man hindered him too soon,
So that he turned aside the arm of the earl ;

Fell then to the ground the fallow-hilted sword,
Nor might he any longer hold the stout blade
Nor wield his weapon. Yet still the hoary warrior
Spoke a word and encouraged his men,
And bade the good comrades go forth.
No longer might he stand firmly on his feet ;
He looked up to Heaven. . . .
“I thank Thee, O Ruler of peoples,
For all the joys which here on earth I knew ;
Now, O Merciful Creator, have I most need,
That Thou shouldst grant good to my spirit,
That my soul should journey to Thee
In Thy power, O Lord of Angels.
With peace fare. I entreat Thee
That the powers of darkness may harm it not.”
Then the heathen fellows hewed him down,
And both the men who stood by him,
Ælfnoth and Wulfmer both lay prone,
Beside their lord they relinquished life.

Freely rendered from a contemporary poem.

THE ONSET OF TAILLEFER

1066

FOREMOST in the bands of France,
Arm'd with hauberk and with lance,
And helmet glittering in the air,
As if a warrior knight he were,

Rushed forth the minstrel Taillefer.
Borne on his courser swift and strong,
He gaily bounded o'er the plain,
And raised the heart-inspiring song
(Loud echoed by the warlike throng)
Of Roland and of Charlemagne,
Of Oliver, brave peer of old,
Untaught to fly, unknown to yield,
And many a knight and vassal bold,
Whose hallowed blood, in crimson flood,
Dyed Roncesvalle's field.

Harold's host he soon descried,
Clustering on the hill's steep side ;
Then turned him back brave Taillefer,
And thus to William urged his prayer :
"Great Sire, it fits not me to tell
How long I've served you, or how well ;
Yet if reward my lays may claim
Grant now the boon I dare to name :
Minstrel no more, be mine the blow
That first shall strike yon perjured foe."
"Thy suit is gained," the Duke replied,
"Our gallant minstrel be our guide."
"Enough," he cried, "with joy I speed
Foremost to vanquish or to bleed."

And still of Roland's deeds he sung
While Norman shouts responsive rung,
As high in air his lance he flung,
With well-directed might ;

Back came the lance into his hand
Like urchin's ball or juggler's wand,
And twice again at his command
 Whirled its unerring flight.
While doubting whether skill or charm
 Had thus inspired the minstrel's arm,
 The Saxons saw the wondrous dart
 Fixed in their standard-bearer's heart.

Now thrice aloft his sword he threw,
 'Midst sparkling sunbeams dancing,
And downward thrice the weapon flew
Like meteor o'er the evening dew,
 From summer sky swift glancing ;
And while amazement gasped for breath,
Another Saxon gasped in death.

More wonders yet ! On signal made,
 With mane erect and eye-balls flashing
The well-taught courser rears his head,
 His teeth in ravenous fury gnashing ;
He snorts—he foams—and upward springs,
 Plunging he fastens on the foe,
And down his writhing victim flings,
 Crushed by the wily minstrel's blow.
Thus seems it to the hostile band
Enchantment all, and fairyland.

Fain would I leave the rest unsung :
The Saxon ranks to madness stung

Headlong rushed with frenzied start,
Hurling javelin, mace, and dart;
No shelter from the iron shower
Sought Taillefer in that sad hour;
Yet still he beckoned to the field,
“Frenchmen, come on, the Saxons yield!
Strike quick, strike home, in Roland’s name,
For William’s glory, Harold’s shame!”
Then pierced with wounds, stretched side by
side,
The minstrel and his courser died.

T. AMYOT (Translated and adapted from the
Roman de Rou).

THE NORMAN BARON

c. 1080

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying,
Loud without the tempest thundered
And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Dooms-day Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in a humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and paternoster
From the missal on his knee.

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells that from the neighbouring cloister
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall the serf and vassal
Held that night their Christmas wassail,
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits.

And so loud those Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly
Knocking at the castle gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted
Reached the chamber, terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened
As he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

“Wassail for the kingly stranger,
Born and cradled in a manger,
King like David, Priest like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free!”

And the lightning showed the sainted
Figures on the casement painted,
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
“Miserere Domine!”

In that hour of deep contrition
He beheld with clearer vision
Through all outward show and fashion
Justice the Avenger rise.

All the pomp of years had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished
Reason spake more loud than passion,
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched creatures
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied “Amen!”

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portals,
Mingling with the common dust.

But the good deed through the ages,
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

WALTER TYRREL AND WILLIAM RUFUS

1100

[Tyrrel and Rufus are hunting in the New Forest when Rufus discovers a cottage which he has ordered to be pulled down, but which Tyrrel has preserved because it is his mother's home. The story is, of course, purely imaginary, and merely woven round the incident of William II.'s death.]

Rufus. I care but little for the chase to-day,
Although the scent lies sweetly. To knock down
My paling is vexatious. We must see
Our great improvements in this forest; what
Of roads blocked up, of hamlets swept away,
Of lurking dens called cottages, and cells,
And hermitages. Tyrrel! thou didst right
And dutifully to remove the house
Of thy forefathers. 'Twas an odd request
To leave the dovecote for the sake of those
Flea-bitten blind old pigeons. There it stands!

But, in God's name! what mean those hives? The bees
May sting my dogs.

Tyrrel. They hunt not in the summer.

Rufus. They may torment my fawns.

Tyrrel. Sir! not unless

Driven from their hives: they like the flowers much better.

Rufus. Flowers! and leave flowers too?

Tyrrel. Only some half wild,

In tangled knots; balm, clary, marjoram.

Rufus. What lies beyond this close briar hedge, that
smells

Through the thick dew upon it pleasantly?

Tyrrel. A poor low cottage: the dry marl pit shields it,
And, frail and unsupported like itself,
Peace-breathing honeysuckles comfort it
In its misfortunes.

Rufus. I am fain to laugh

At thy rank minstrelsy. A poor low cottage!

Only a cottage! It may not be so.

My orders were that all should be removed;

And, out of special favour, special trust

In thee, Sir Walter, I consigned the care

Into thy hands, of razing thine own house

And those about it; since thou hast another

Fairer and newer, and more lands around.

Tyrrel. Hall, chapel, chamber, cellar, turret, grange,
Are level with the grass.

Rufus. What negligence

To leave the work then incomplete, when little

Was there remaining! Strip that roof, and start

Thy petty game from cover.

Tyrrel.

O, my liege!

Command not this!

Rufus.

Thou'rt at bay,

Thou hast forgotten thine avowal, man!

Tyrrel. My father's house is (like my father) gone:

But in that house, and from that father's heart

Mine grew into his likeness, and held thence

Its rich possessions. . . . God forgive my boast!

He bade me help the needy, raise the low . . .

Rufus. And stand against thy king!

Tyrrel.

How many yokes

Of oxen, from how many villages

For miles around, brought I, at my own charge,

To bear away the rafters and the beams

That were above my cradle at my birth,

And rang when I was christened, to the carouse

Of that glad father and his loyal friends.

Rufus. He kept good cheer, they tell me.

Tyrrel.

Yonder thatch

Covers the worn-out woman at whose breast

I hung, an infant.

Rufus. Ay! and none beside?

Tyrrel. Four sons have fallen in the wars.

Rufus.

Brave dogs!

Tyrrel. She hath none left. Grace! pity! mercy on
her.

Rufus. Question me, villain?

Tyrrel.

Villain I am none.

Rufus. Retort my words! By all the saints! Thou diest,
False traitor!

Tyrrel. Sire, no private wrong, no word
Spoken in angriness, no threat against
My life or honour, urge me . . .

Rufus. Urge to what?
Dismountest?

Tyrrel. On my knees as best beseems
I ask . . . not pardon, sire! but spare, oh spare
The son devoted, the deserted mother!

Rufus. Take her far hence.

Tyrrel. She loves her home; her limbs
Fail her; her husband sleeps in that churchyard;
Her youngest child, born many years the last,
Lies (not half-length) along the father's coffin.
Such separate love grows stronger in the stem
(I have heard say) than others close together.
And that, where pass these funerals, all life's spring
Vanishes from behind them, all the fruits
Of riper age are shrivel'd, every sheaf
Husky, no gleaning left. She would die here,
Where from her bed she looks on his, no more
Able to rise, poor little soul! than he.

Rufus. Who would disturb them, child or father? Where
Is the churchyard thou speakest of?

Tyrrel. Among
Yon nettles: we have level'd all the graves.

Rufus. Right: or our horses might have stumbled on
them.

Tyrrel. Your grace oft spares the guilty: spare the
innocent!

Rufus. Up from the dew! Thy voice is hoarse
already.

Tyrrel. Yet God hath heard it. It entreats again,
Once more, once only; spare this wretched house.

Rufus. No, nor thee neither.

Tyrrel. Speed me, God! and judge
O thou! between the oppressor and opprest.

(He pierces Rufus with an arrow.)

Adapted from WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

GILBERT BECKET AND THE FAIR SARACEN

C. 1116

[This poem is founded on the legend which tells how Gilbert à Becket, the father of the great Archbishop, while on a crusade in Palestine, loved a Saracen maiden. After he had returned to England she followed him, and though she knew no words of English except "Gilbert" and "London," succeeded at last in finding him.]

THE last Crusader's helm had gleamed
Upon the yellow Syrian shore:
No more the war-worn standards streamed,
The stout knights charged and fell no more.
No more the Paynim grew afraid—
The crescent floated o'er the cross.
But to one simple heathen maid
Her country's gain was bitter loss.

For love which knows not race or creed,
Had bound her with its subtle chain—
Love which still makes young hearts to bleed,
For this one, mingled joy with pain,

And left for one brief hour of bliss,
One little span of hopes and fears
The memory of a parting kiss,
And what poor solace comes of tears.

A lowly English squire was he,
A prisoner chained, enslaved and sold,
A lady she of high degree.

'Tis an old tale and often told :
'Twas pity made the brown cheek glow,
'Twas love and pity drew the sigh,
'Twas love that made the soft tear flow,
The sweet sad night she bade him fly.

Far from the scorching Syrian plain
The brave ship bears the Saxon home,
Once more to mists and rains again,
And verdant English lawns they come.
I know not, if, as now 'twas then,
Or if the growing ages move
The careless changeeful hearts of men,
More slowly to the thoughts of love ;

But woman's heart was then, as now
Tender and passionate and true :
Think, gentle ladies, ye who know
Love's power, what pain that poor heart knew ;
How living always o'er again
The sweet short past, she knew too late
'Twas love had bound the captive's chain
Which broken left her desolate.

Till by degrees the full young cheek
Grew hollow, and the liquid eyes
Still gazing seaward, large and meek,
Took something of a sad surprise ;
As one who learns with a strange chill
'Mid youth and wealth's unclouded way
Of sad lives full of pain and ill,
And thinks, " And am I too as they ? "

And by degrees most hateful grew
All things that once she held so dear—
The feathery palms, the cloudless blue,
Tall mosque, and loud muezzin clear
The knights who flashed by blinded street
The lattice lit by laughing eyes,
The songs around the fountain, sweet
To maidens under Eastern skies.

And oft at eve when young girls told
Tales precious to the girlish heart,
She sat alone and loved to hold
Communion with her soul apart.
Till at the last, too great became
The hidden weight of secret care,
And girlish fears and maiden shame
Were gone, and only love was there.

And so she fled : I see her still
In fancy, desolate, alone,
Wander by arid plain and hill
From early dawn till day was done ;

Sun-stricken, hungry, thirsty, faint,
By perilous paths I see her move,
Clothed round with pureness like a saint
And fearless in the might of love.

Till lo! a gleam of azure sea
And rude ships moored upon the shore—
Strange, yet not wholly strange, for he
Had dared those mystic depths before.
And some good English seaman bold,
Remembering those he left at home
Put gently back the offered gold,
And for love's honour bade her come.

And then they sailed. No pirate bark
Swooped on them, but the power of Love
Watched o'er that precious wandering ark
And this his tender little dove.
I see those stalwart seamen still
Gaze wondering on that childish form,
And shelter her from harm and ill,
And guide her safe through wave and storm.

Till under greyer skies a gleam
Of white, and taking land she went
Following our broad imperial stream,
Or rose-hung lanes of smiling Kent :
Friendless I see her, lonely, weak,
Thro' fields where every flower was strange,
Go forth without a word to speak,
By burgh and thorp and moated grange.

For all that Love himself could teach
 This passionate pilgrim to our shore,
 Were but two words of Saxon speech,
 Two little words, and nothing more—
 “Gilbert” and “London”; like a flame
 To her sweet lips these sounds would come
 The syllables of her lover’s name
 And the far city of his home.

I see her cool her weary feet
 In dewy depths of crested grass;
 By clear brooks fringed with meadow-sweet
 And daisied meads I see her pass;
 I see her innocent girlish glee,
 I see the doubts which on her crowd
 O’erjoyed with bird or flower or tree,
 Despondent for the fleeting cloud.

I see her passing, slow, alone,
 By burgh and thorpe and moated grange,
 Still murmuring softly like a moan
 Those two brief words in accent strange.
 Sometimes would pass a belted earl,
 With squires behind in brave array,
 Sometimes some honest toil-worn churl
 Would fare with her till close of day.

The saintly abbess sweet and sage
 Would wonder as she ambled by;
 Or white plumed knight, or long-haired page
 Ride by her with inquiring eye.

The friar would cross himself and say
His paternosters o'er and o'er ;
The gay dames whisper " Well-a-day,"
And pity her, and nothing more.

But tender women, knowing love
And all the pain of loneliness,
Would feel a sweet compassion move,
And welcome her to rest and food.
And walk with her beyond the hill,
And kiss her cheek when she must go :
And " Gilbert " she would murmur still,
And " London " she would whisper low.

And sometimes sottish boors would rise
From wayside tavern where they sate,
And leer from heated vinous eyes,
And stagger forth with reeling gait,
And from that strong unswerving will,
And clear gaze shrink as from a blow ;
And " Gilbert " she would murmur still,
And " London " she would whisper low.

Then by the broad suburban street,
And city groups that outward stay
To take the evening, and the sweet
Faint breathings of the dying day—
The gay young 'prentice, lithe and slim,
The wimpled maid demurely shy,
The merchant somewhat grave and prim,
The courtier with his rolling eye.

And more and more the growing crowd
 Would gather, wondering whence she came,
 And why, with boorish laughter loud
 And jeers, which burnt her cheek with flame;
 For potent charm to save from ill
 But one word she would answer now:
 For "Gilbert" she would murmur still
 And "Gilbert" she would whisper low.

Till some good pitiful soul—not then
 Our London was as now o'ergrown—
 Pressed through the idle throng of men
 And led her to his home alone,
 And signing to her he would find
 Him whom she sought, went forth again
 And left her there with heart and mind
 Distracted by a new-born pain.

For surely then, when doubt was o'er,
 A doubt, before a stranger came,
 "He loved me not or loves no more—"
 Oh virgin pride! Oh maiden shame!
 Almost she fled, almost the past
 Seemed better than the pain she knew;
 Her veil around her face she cast:
 Then the gate swung—and he was true!

Poor child! They christened her, and so
 She had her wish. Ah, yearning heart,
 Was love so sweet then? Would you know
 Again the longing, and the smart?

Came there no wintry hours, when you
 Longed for your native skies again,
 The creed, the tongue, your girlhood knew,
 Aye, even the longing, and the pain?

Peace! Love is Lord of all. But I
 Seeing her fierce son's mitred tomb,
 Conjoin with fancy's dreaming eye,
 This love-tale and that dreadful doom.
 Sped hither by a hidden will
 O'er sea and land I watch her go:
 "Gilbert," I hear her whisper still,
 And "London" still she whispers low.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

A BALLAD OF KING RICHARD THE FIRST

1193

No wretched captive of his prison speaks,
 Unless with pain and bitterness of soul;
 Yet consolation from the Muse he seeks
 Whose voice alone misfortune can control.
 Where now is each ally, each baron, friend,
 Whose face I ne'er beheld without a smile,
 Will none, his sovereign to redeem, expend
 The smallest portion of his treasures vile?

Though none may blush that near two tedious years,
 Without relief, my bondage has endur'd,
 Yet know, my English, Norman, Gascon peers,
 Not one of you should thus remain immur'd;

The meanest subject of my wide domains,
Had I been free, a ransom should have found ;
I mean not to reproach you with my chains,
Yet still I wear them on a foreign ground !

Too true it is, so selfish human race !
“ *Nor dead, nor captives, friend or kindred find,*”
Since here I pine in bondage and disgrace,
For lack of gold, my fetters to unbind.
Much for myself I feel, yet ah ! still more
That no compassion from my subjects flows ;
What can from infamy their names restore,
If, while a pris’ner, death my eyes should close ?

But small is my surprise, though great my grief,
To find, in spite of all his solemn vows
My lands are ravag’d by the Gallic chief,
While none my cause has courage to espouse.
Though lofty tow’rs obscure the cheerful day,
Yet through the dungeon’s melancholy gloom,
Kind Hope, in gentle whispers, seems to say,
“ Perpetual thraldom is not yet thy doom.”

Ye dear companions of my happy days,
Of Chail and Pensavin, aloud declare
Throughout the earth in everlasting lays,
My foes against me wage inglorious war.
Oh, tell them, too, that ne’er among my crimes
Did breach of faith, deceit or fraud appear ;
That infamy will brand to latest times
The insults I receive while captive here.

Know, all ye men of Anjou and Touraine,
 And every bach'lor knight, robust and brave,
 That duty now and love alike are vain,
 From bonds your sov'reign and your friend to save.
 Remote from consolation here I lie,
 The wretched captive of a pow'rful foe,
 Who all your zeal and ardour can defy,
 Nor leaves you aught but pity to bestow !

[*From a French poem contained in a MS. of the thirteenth century. See RITSON, "Ancient Songs and Ballads," vol. i.*]

PRINCE ARTHUR AND HUBERT

1203

Enter Hubert and two Attendants.

Hubert. Heat me these irons hot ; and look thou stand
 Within the arras : when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth
 And bind the boy which you shall find with me,
 Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence and watch.

1st Attendant. I hope your warrant will bear out the
 deed.

Hubert. Uncleanly scruples ! fear not you : look to't.

[*Exeunt Attendants*]

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say to you.

Enter Arthur.

Arthur. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hubert. Good morrow, little prince.

Arthur. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hubert. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arthur. Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I :
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long ;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me :
He is afraid of me, and I of him :
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son ?
No, indeed, is't not ; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hubert. (*Aside*) If I talk to him, with his innocent prate,
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :
Therefore I will be sudden and despatch.

Arthur. Are you sick, Hubert ? You look pale to-day
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you :
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hubert. (*Aside*) His words do take possession of my
bosom—

Read here, young Arthur. (*Showing a paper*).

(*Aside*) How now foolish rheum !

Turning despiteous torture out of door !

I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—

Can you not read it ? Is it not fair writ ?

Arthur. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hubert. Young boy, I must.

Arthur. And will you?

Hubert. And I will.

Arthur. Have you the heart? When your head did
but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
And I did never ask it you again :
And with my hand at midnight held your head ;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, "What lack you?" and "Where lies your
grief?"

Or, "What good love may I perform for you?"
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning—do, an if you will ;
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hubert. I have sworn to do it ;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arthur. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it !
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,

Even in the matter of mine innocence ;
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron ?
 And if an angel should have come to me,
 And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's.
Hubert (stamps). Come forth.

Re-enter Attendants with cord, irons, etc.

Do as I bid you do.

Arthur. O ! save me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes are
 out

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hubert. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arthur. Alas ! what need you be so boisterous rough ?
 I will not struggle. I will stand stone-still.
 For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !
 Nay, hear me, Hubert ! drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Nor look upon the iron angerly ;
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hubert. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

1st Attendant. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[Exeunt attendants.]

Arthur. Alas ! I then have chid away my friend ;
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :—
 Let him come back, that his compassion may
 Give life to yours.

Hubert. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arthur. Is there no remedy?

Hubert. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arthur. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in
yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hubert. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your
tongue.

Arthur. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!

O, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,

So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,

Though to no use but still to look on you!

Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold

And would not harm me.

.

Hubert. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes;

Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,

With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arthur. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hubert. Peace! no more. Adieu.

Your uncle must not know but you are dead;

I'll fill those dogged spies with false reports:

And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,

That Hubert for the wealth of all the world
Will not offend thee.

Arthur. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hubert. Silence! no more: go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
(*King John*, Act iv. Sc. 1).

A BALLAD ON THE DEATH OF SIMON DE MONTFORD

1265

IN song my grief shall find relief,
Sad is my verse and rude;
I sing in tears our gentle peers
Who fell for England's good.
Our peace they sought, for us they fought,
For us they dared to die;
And where they sleep, a mangled heap,
Their wounds for vengeance cry.
On Evesham's plain is Montford slain
Well skill'd the war to guide,
Where streams his gore shall all deplore
Fair England's flower and pride.

Ere Tuesday's sun its course had run
Our noblest chiefs had bled.
While rush'd to fight each gallant knight,
Their dastard vassals fled.

Still undismay'd with trenchant blade
They hew'd their desperate way :
Not strength or skill to Edward's will
But numbers gave the day.
On Evesham's plain, etc.

Yet by the blow that laid thee low,
Brave earl, one palm was given ;
Nor less at thine than Becket's shrine
Shall rise our vows to heaven !
Our church and laws, your common cause,
'Twas his the church to save,
Our rights restored, thou generous lord,
Shalt triumph in thy grave.
On Evesham's plain, etc.

Dispenser true, the good Sir Hugh,
Our justice and our friend,
Borne down with wrong, amidst the throng
Has met his wretched end.
Sir Henry's fate need I relate,
Our Leicester's gallant son,
Or many a score of heroes more
By Gloucester's hate undone ?
On Evesham's plain, etc.

Each righteous lord who brav'd the sword
And, for our safety died,
With conscience pure shall age endure,
Our martyr'd saint beside.

That martyr'd saint was never faint
To ease the poor man's care ;
With gracious will he shall fulfil
Our just and earnest prayer.
On Evesham's plain, etc.

On Montford's breast a hair-cloth vest
His pious soul proclaim'd ;
With ruffian hand, the ruthless band
That sacred emblem maim'd :
And to assuage their impious rage
His lifeless corpse defac'd,
Whose powerful arm 'long sav'd from harm
The realm his virtues grac'd.
On Evesham's plain, etc.

Now all draw near, companions dear,
To Jesus let us pray,
That Montford's heir his grace may share,
And learn to Heaven the way.
No priest I name ; none, none I blame,
Nor aught of ill surmise.
Yet for the love of Christ above
I pray be churchmen wise.
On Evesham's plain, etc.

No good I ween, of late is seen
By earl or baron done ;
Nor knight or squire to fame aspire
Or dare disgrace to shun.

Faith, truth, are fled, and in their stead,
 Do vice and meanness rule ;
 E'en on the throne may soon be shown
 A flatterer or a fool.
 On Evesham's plain, etc.

Brave martyr'd chief! no more our grief
 For thee or thine shall flow ;
 Among the bless'd in Heaven ye rest
 From all your toils below.
 But for the few, the gallant crew,
 Who here in bonds remain,
 Christ condescend their woes to end,
 And break the tyrant's chain !
 On Evesham's plain, etc.

*(Trans. by G. Ellis from a French poem in a MS.
 of Edward II.'s reign.)*

THE BARD

1282

“RUIN seize thee, ruthless king!
 Confusion on thy banners wait ;
 Tho' fanned by Conquest's crimson wing
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears ! ”

Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Gloster stood aghast in speechless trance :
 "To arms !" cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering
 lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er cold Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe
 With haggard eyes the poet stood ;
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
 And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

"Hark, how each giant oak and desert cave
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !

O'er thee, oh King ! their hundred arms they wave,
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 That hushed the stormy main :
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
 Mountains ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head
 On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
 Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale :

Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
The famished eagle screams, and passes by.

Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,

Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.

On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

“Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race,
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death thro' Berkeley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king!

She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of heaven. What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

“Mighty victor, mighty lord!
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.

Is the sable warrior fled?
 Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
 The swarm that in the noontide beam were born?
 Gone to salute the rising morn.
 Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes :
 Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;
 Regardless of the sleeping whirlwind's sway,
 That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

“Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 The rich repast prepare,
 Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
 Close by the regal chair
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
 Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
 And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
 And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
 Above, below, the rose of snow,
 Twined with her blushing foe, we spread :
 The bristled boar in infant gore
 Wallows beneath the infant shade.
 Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

“Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun).
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)
Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn :
In yon bright tract, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But, oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll ?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia’s issue, hail !

“Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty appear.
In the midst a form divine !
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attempered sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play.
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear ;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heaven her many-coloured
wings.

The verse adorn again

Fierce war, and faithful love,
And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.

In buskined measures move
Pale grief and pleasing pain,
With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.

A voice as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.

Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me; with joy I see

The different dooms our fates assign.
Be thine despair, and sceptred care,
To triumph, and to die, are mine."

He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

THOMAS GRAY.

GUDE WALLACE

1297

WALLACE in the hie Highlands,
Neither meat nor drink gat he;
Said "Fa' me life, or fa' me death,
Now to some town I maun be."

He's put on his short cleiding ¹
 And on his short cleiding put he;
 Says, "Fa' me life, or fa' me death
 To Saint Johnstoun's ² I maun be.

He steppit owre the river Tay,
 On the North Inch steppit he,
 And he was ware o' a well-faured ³ maid
 Was washing aneath a tree.

"What news, what news, ye wal-faured maid,
 What news hae ye to me?"
 "Nae news, nae news, ye gentle knight,
 Nae news hae I to thee;
 But fifteen lords in the hostler-house
 Awaiting Wallace for to see."

"If I had but in my pocket
 The worth of one single pennie
 I would go to the hostler-house,
 And there the Englishmen wad see."

She put her hand in her pocket,
 And she has pulled out half-a-crown,
 Says "Tak' ye that, ye belted knight,
 'Twill pay your way till ye come down."

As he went frae the weel-faured maid,
 A beggar bauld I wat met he,
 Was covered wi' a clouted ⁴ cloak,
 And in his hand a trustie tree.

¹ kilt.² Perth.³ well-favoured.⁴ patched.

“What news, what news, ye silly auld man,
What news hae ye to gie?”

“Nae news, nae news, ye belted knight,
Nae news hae I to thee;
But there’s fifteen lords in the hostler-house
Waiting Wallace for to see.”

“Ye’ll lend to me your clouted cloak
That covers you frae head to thie¹
And I’ll gang to the hostler-house,
To ask there for some supplie.”

Now he’s gane to the West-muir wood,
And there he pulled a trusty tree,
And then he’s on to the hostler-house,
Asking there for charitie.

Down the stair the captain comes,
Aye the puir man for to see;
“If ye be a captain as gude as ye look,
Ye’ll gie a puir man some supplie.”

“Whaur were ye born, ye cruiket carle?²
Whaur were ye born, in what countrie?”

“In fair Scotland I was born,
Cruiket carle as ye ca’ me.”

“I wad gie you fifty pounds,
Of gold and of the white monie.
I wad gie you fifty pounds,
If the traitor Wallace ye’d let me see.”

¹ thigh.

² crooked fellow.

“Tell ¹ doun your monie,” said Willie Wallace,
“Tell doun your monie, if it be gude ;
For I’m sure I hae it in my power,
And I never had a better bode.”

“Tell doun your money, if it be gude,
And let me see if it be fine ;
I’m sure I hae it in my power
To bring the traitor Wallace in.”

The monie was told on the table,
Silver bright of pounds fiftie ;
“Now here I stand,” said Willie Wallace,
And his cloak frae him garred ³ flee.

He felled the captain where he stood,
Wi’ a downright straik upon the floor,
He slew the rest around the room,
Synne speired gin ⁴ there were ony more.

“Come, cover the table,” said Willie Wallace,
“Come cover the table, now mak’ haste,
For it will sune be three lang days
Sin’ I a bit o’ meat did taste.”

The table was not well covered,
Nor yet had he sat down to dine,
Till fifteen mair o’ the English lords
Cam’ round the house where he was in.

¹ count.² offer.³ made.⁴ asked if.

“Come out, come out, thou traitor Wallace,
 This is the day that ye maun dee ;”
 “I lippen¹ nae sae little to God,” he says,
 “Altho’ I be but little wordie.”

The gudewife she ran butt the floor,
 And aye the gudeman he ran ben ;
 From eight o’clock till four at noon,
 Wallace has killed full thirty men.

He put his faes in sic a swither,
 That five o’ them he stickit dead ;
 Five o’ them he drowned in the river,
 And five he hung in the West-muir wood.

Now he is on to the North Inch gane,
 Where the maid was washing tenderlie ;
 “Now, by my sooth,” said Willie Wallace,
 “It’s been a sair day’s wark to me !”

He’s put his hand into his pocket,
 And he has pu’d out twenty poun’ ;
 Says, “Tak’ ye that, ye well-faured maid,
 For the gude luck o’ your half-crown !”

Old Ballad.

¹ trust.

² butt and ben = from kitchen to parlour.

³ in such a condition.

SCOTS WHA HA'E WI' WALLACE BLED

1314.

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled !
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led !
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie !
Now's the day, an' now's the hour :
See the front of battle lour ;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Let him turn an' flee !
Wha for Scotland's king an' law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains,
By our sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.
Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Let us do or die !

ROBERT BURNS.

ON THE DEATH OF KING EDWARD THE FIRST

1307

ALL men that be of heartë true,
A moment listen to my song,
Of dole that Death hath given us new,
Of woe and sorrow men among.
About a knight who was so strong
On whom our God hath wrought his will.
Methinks that Death hath done us wrong,
That in his grave he now lies still.

For all in England ought to know
Of whom the song is that I sing,
Of Edward King who lieth so low,
Throughout the world his fame doth spring.
The truest man in everything
In warlike deeds so ware and wise
For him all men their hands shall wring
Of Christendom he bare the prize.

Before our noble king was dead
He spake as one in anxious care,
"Of scholars, barons, knights," he said,
"I charge you by the oath ye sware,
That ye should be to England true.
I die, nor may my breath retain,
Help ye my son and crown him new,
For he is chosen next to reign.

“My heart I do bequeath aright
—Let it be done as I devise,
Over the sea that it be dight
With four-score knights of sovereign price,
Knights that in war are brave and wise,
Against the heathen so to fight,
To win the cross that lowly lies;
Myself had gone, if that I might.”

O King of France, an evil thing
Thou wroughtest, and a deed of woe,
When thou didst hinder Edward King,
When he to Palestine would go.
For our good lord had ta'en in hand
All England's realm to guide and teach,
To gain for us the heavenly bliss
If he the Holy Land might reach.

Now Edward of Carnarvon is
The king of all this land aright,
God grant he may no feebler be
Than his great sire, nor less of might,
Justly towards the poor to deal
And understand to counsel right,
All England well to guide and rule,
Nor ever lack good men to fight.

Although my tongue were made of steel.
And though my heart were wrought of brass,
The goodness I might never tell
That in our great King Edward was.

King, thou art well named Conqueror,
Who in all fights had victory,
God bring thy soul to the honour
That ever was, and still shall be.

Contemporary poem (modernised).

GAVESTON RECEIVES THE NEWS OF THE DEATH OF EDWARD I

1307

Enter Gaveston, reading a letter from the King.

*Gaveston. My father is deceased ! Come, Gaveston,
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend.*

Ah ! words that make me surfeit with delight !

What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston,
Than live and be the favourite of a king !

Sweet prince, I come ; these, these thy amorous lines
Might have enforced me to have swum from France,
And like Leander, gasped upon the sand,
So thou wouldst smile, and take me in thine arms.

The sight of London to my exiled eyes

Is as Elysium to a new-come soul ;

Not that I love the city, or the men,

But that it harbours him I hold so dear—

The King, upon whose bosom let me lie,

And with the world be still at enmity.

What need the Arctic people love starlight,

To whom the sun shines both by day and night ?

Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers '¹
 My knee shall bow to none but to the King.
 As for the multitude, they are but sparks
 Raked up in embers of their poverty ;
Tanti ; I'll fawn first on the wind
 That glanceth at my lips, and flieth away.
 But how now, what are these ?

Enter three poor men.

Men. Such as desire your worship's service.

Gaveston. What can'st thou do ?

1st Man. I can ride.

Gaveston. But I have no horse. What art thou ?

2nd Man. A traveller.

Gaveston. Let me see—thou wouldst do well
 To wait at my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner-time.
 And as I like your discoursing, I'll have you.
 And what art thou ?

3rd Man. A soldier, that hath served against the Scot.

Gaveston. Why there are hospitals for such as you ;
 I have no war ; and therefore, sir, begone.

3rd Man. Farewell, and perish by a soldier's hand,
 That wouldst reward them with an hospital.

Gaveston. Aye, aye, these words of his move me as
 much

As if a goose would play the porcupine,
 And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast.
 But yet it is no pain to speak men fair ;
 I'll flatter these, and make them live in hope.
 You know that I came lately out of France,

[*Aside.*

And yet I have not viewed my lord the King ;
If I speed well, I'll entertain you all.

Omnes. We thank your worship.

Gaveston. I have some business. Leave me to myself.

Omnes. We will wait here about the court. [*Exeunt.*]

Gaveston. Do ; these are not men for me ;

I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant King which way I please.
Music and poetry are his delight ;
Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows ;
And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad ;
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic hay.
Sometimes a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
And in his sportful hands an olive-tree,
Shall bathe him in a spring ; and there hard by
One like Actæon peeping through the grove,
Shall by the angry goddess be transformed,
And running in the likeness of an hart
By yelping hounds pulled down, shall seem to die ;
Such things as these best please his majesty.
By'r lord ! here comes the King and the nobles
From the Parliament. I'll stand aside.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (from *Edward II.*,
Act. i. Sc. 1).

THE LAST HOURS OF EDWARD II

1327

THUS they to Berkeley brought the wretched king
Which for their purpose was the place forethought.
Ye heavenly pow'rs, do ye behold this thing,
And let this deed of horror to be wrought,
That might the nation into question bring?
But oh! your ways with justice still are fraught
 But he is hap'd into his earthly hell,
 From whence he bade the wicked world farewell.

They lodg'd him in a melancholic room,
Where through straight windows the dull light came far;
(In which the sun did at no season come)
Which strengthened were with many an iron bar,
Like to a vault under some mighty tomb,
Where night and day waged a continual war;
 Under whose floor the common sewer pass'd,
 Up to the same a loathsome stench that cast.

The ominous raven often he doth hear,
Whose croaking him of following horror tells,
Begetting strange imaginary fear,
With heavy echoes, like to passing bells:
The howling dog a doleful part doth bear,
As though they chim'd his last sad burying knells.
 Under his eave the buzzing screech-owl sings,
 Beating the windows with her fatal wings.

By night affrighted in his fearful dreams
Of raging fiends and goblins that he meets,
Of falling down from steep rocks into streams;
Of deaths, of burials, and of winding sheets;
Of wand'ring helpless in far foreign realms;
Of strong temptations by seducing sprites:

Wherewith awaked and calling out for aid,
His hollow voice doth make himself afraid.

Then came the vision of his bloody reign,
Marching along with Lancaster's stern ghost,
Twenty-eight barons, either hang'd or slain,
Attended with the rueful mangled host,
That unreveng'd did all that while remain,
At Burton bridge and fatal Borough lost:

Threat'ning with frowns and quaking every limb
As tho' that piecemeal they would torture him.

And if it chanced, that from the troubled skies
The least small star through any chink gave light,
Straightways on heaps the thronging clouds did rise
As though that heaven were angry with the night,
That it should lend that comfort to his eyes:
Deformèd shadows glimpsing in his sight,
As darkness that it might more ugly be
Through the least cranny would not let him see.

MICHAEL DRAYTON
(*The Barons' Wars*, Book V.).

CHARACTER OF A KNIGHT

A KNIGHT there was, and that a worthy man,
 That from the timē that he first began
 To riden out, he lovèd chivalry,
 Truth and honour, freedom and courtesy.
 Full worthy was he in his sovereign's war,
 And thereto had he ridden, no man more far,
 In Christendom as well as Heatheness,
 And ever honoured for his worthiness.

At mortal battles had he been fifteen,
 And foughten for our faith at Tramassene
 In listës thrice, and ay had slain his foe.
 This ilke worthy knight had been also
 Some time with the lord of Palatye,
 Against another heathen in Turkey ;
 And evermore he had a sovereign price.
 And though that he was worthy ne was wise,
 And of his port¹ as meek as is a maid.
 He never did no villainy nor said,
 In all his life unto no manner wight.
 He was a very perfect gentle knight.
 But for to tellen you of his array,
 His horse was good, but he ne was not gay ;
 Of fustian he wearèd a gepoun,²
 All besmotered³ with his habergeon,⁴
 For he was lately come from his voyage,
 And wentë for to doon his pilgrimage.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER. (*From the Prologue
 to the Canterbury Tales, modernized.*)

¹ carriage.

² a short cassock.

³ stained.

⁴ coat of mail.

CHARACTER OF A MONK

C. 1372

A MONK there was, a fair for the maistrie,¹
 An outrider, who loved venery ; ²
 A manly man, to ben an abbot able,
 Full many a dainty horse had he in stable ;
 And when he rode, men might his bridle hear
 Jingling in the whistling wind as clear
 And eke as loud as doth the chapel bell.

Greyhounds he had as swift as fowls in flight,
 Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
 Was all his lust, for he no cost would spare.
 I saw his sleeves purfled ³ at the hand
 With grys,⁴ and that the finest in the land.
 And for to fasten his hood under the chin
 He had of gold y-wrought a curious pin ;
 A love-knot in the greater end there was.
 His head was bald, and shone as any glass,
 And eke his face as he had been anoint.
 He was a lord full fat and in good point ; ⁵
 His eyes were steep and rolling in his head
 That steamèd as the furnace of a lead ; ⁶
 His boots were supple, his horse in great estate.
 Now certainly he was a fair prelate ;

¹ excellent above all others.² hunting.³ trimmed.⁴ rabbit-fur.⁵ in good condition.⁶ cauldron.

He was not pale as a for-pinèd ghost.
 A fat swan loved he best of any roast.
 His palfrey was as brown as is a berry.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

(From the *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*, modernised.)

JOHN OF GAUNT CONSOLES BOLINGBROKE FOR HIS EXILE

1397

King Richard. Cousin, farewell; and uncle, bid him so:
 Six years we banish him and he shall go.

Aumerle. Cousin, farewell; what presence must not
 know

From where you do remain, let paper show.

Marshal. My lord, no leave take I: for I will ride
 As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
 That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Bolingbroke. I have too few to take my leave of you,
 When the tongue's office should be prodigal
 To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Bolingbroke. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? They are quickly gone.

Bolingbroke. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour
 ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Bolingbroke. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so
 Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return.

Bolingbroke. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of Heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus :
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exil'd thee ; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air
And thou art flying to a fresher clime ;
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st ;
Suppose the singing birds musicians ;
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd ;
The flowers fair ladies ; and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance :
For gnarling sorrow hath no power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Bolingbroke. O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
 By bare imagination of a feast?
 Or wallow naked in December snow
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
 O no; the apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse;
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on the way;
 Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Bolingbroke. Then, England's ground, farewell! Sweet
 soil, adieu!

My mother and my nurse, that bears me yet,
 Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
 Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

(From *Richard II.*, Act i. Sc. 3.).

CONDITION OF THE PEASANTRY IN THE REIGN OF RICHARD II

c. 1380

"I HAVE no penny," quoth Piers, "to buy pullets
 Nor any geese nor sucking pigs, but two green cheeses,
 A few curds and cream and an oaten cake.
 And two loaves of beans and bran baked for my children
 And yet I say, by my soul, I have no salt bacon,
 Nor ham and eggs, by Christ, to make collops of,
 But I have parsley and leeks and many cabbages,

And eke a cow and a calf and a cart-mare,
 To draw afield my dung while the drought lasteth,
 And with this livelihood we must live till Lammas-tide,
 And by that I hope to have harvest in my crop ;
 And then may I make my dinner as I would dearly like."
 All the poor people then fetched pea-shells,
 Beans and baked apples they brought in their laps,
 Onions and chervils and many ripe cherries,
 And proffered Piers this present to appease hunger with.

W. LANGLAND.

(*The Vision of Piers Plowman*, Passus vi., ll. 282-297,
 modernized.)

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

1388

IT fell about the Lammas-tide,
 When muirmen¹ win their hay,
 That the doughty Earl of Douglas rade
 Into England to drive a prey.

He has chosen the Lindsays light,
 With them the Gordons gay ;
 But the Jardines would not with him ride,
 And they rue it to this day.

And he has harried the dales o' Tyne,
 And half o' Bambroughshire ;
 And the Otter-dale he burnt it hail,²
 And set it a' on fire.

¹ husbandmen.

² altogether.

And he march'd up to New Castel,

And rade it round about :

“ O wha is the lord o' this castel,

Or wha is the ladie o't ? ”

But up spake proud Lord Percy then,

And O, but he spak hie :

“ It's I am the lord o' this castel,

My wife is the lady gay.”

“ If thou art the lord o' this castel,

Sae weel it pleases me ;

For ere I cross the Border fells,

The tane o' us shall dee.”

He took a long spear in his hand,

Shod with the metal free ;

And forth to meet the Douglas there,

He rade richt furiously.

But O how pale his ladie look'd

Frae aff the castel wa',

When down before the Scottish speir

She saw proud Percy fa' !

“ Had we twa been upon the green,

And never an eye to see,

I wad hae had you, flesh and fell,¹

But your sword shall gae wi' me.

¹ skin.

“But gae up to the Otterburn,
And bid there dayis three;
And gin I come not ere they end,
A fause knight ca’ ye me!”

“The Otterburn is a bonnie burn,
’Tis pleasant there to be;
But there is nought at Otterburn
To feed my men and me.

“The deer runs wild on hill and dale,
The birds fly wild frae tree to tree;
But there is neither bread nor kail¹
To feed my men and me.

“Yet I will stay at Otterburn,
Where you shall welcome be;
And, if ye come not at three dayis end,
A fause lord I’ll ca’ thee.”

“Thither will I come,” proud Percy said,
By the micht of our Ladye!”
“There will I bide thee,” said the Douglas,
My troth I plight to thee!”

They lichted high on Otterburn,
Upon the bent sae broun,
They lichted high on Otterburn,
And threw their pallions down.

¹ vegetable.

And he that had a bonnie boy,
Sent out his horse to grass;
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
His ain servant he was.

Then up and spake a little boy
Was near of Douglas' kin:
"Methinks I see the English host
Come brauking¹ us upon!"

"Nine wargangs² beiring braid and wide,
Seven banners beiring hie;
It wad do any living gude
To see their colours flee!"

"Ye lee,³ ye lee, ye leear loud,
Sae loud I hear ye lee;
For Percy had not men yestreen
To fight my men and me.

"But if this be true, my little boy,
That thou tellest unto me,
The brawest bour in Otterburn
Shall be thy morning fee.

"But if it be false, my little boy,
And a lee thou tells to me,
On the highest tree in Otterburn
Sune hangit shalt thou be.

¹ riding gallantly.

² troops.

³ lie.

‘But I hae dream’d a drearie dream,
Ayont the Isle of Skye;
I saw a deid man win a fight,
And I think that man was I.”

He belted on his gude braid sword,
And to the field he ran;
But he forgot the helmet strong
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy with the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu’ pain;
They swakkit¹ swords till sair they swat,
Till the bluid ran doun like rain.

But Percy wi’ his gude braid sword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
That he fell to the ground.

And then he call’d his little foot-page,
And said, “Run speedilie,
And fetch my ain dear sister’s son,
Sir Hugh Montgomerie.”

“Thy nephew gude!” the Douglas said,
“What recks the death o’ ane?
Last night I dream’d a drearie dream,
And I ken the day’s thy ain!

¹ crossed.

“ My wound is deep, I fain would sleep !
Take thou the vanguard of the three ;
And hide me in the bracken bush
That grows on yonder lily lea.

“ O bury me by the bracken bush,
Beneath the blumin’ brier ;
Let never living mortal ken
That a kindly Scot lies there ! ”

He lifted up that noble lord
With the saut tear in his ee ;
And he hid him in the bracken bush,
That his merrie men might not see

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew ;
But many a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons gude, in English bluid
They steep’d their hose and shoon ;
The Lindsays flew like fire about
Till a’ the fray was dune.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other was fain ;
They swakkit swords, and sair they swat,
And the bluid ran doun like rain.

“Yield thee! O yield thee, Percy!” he said,
“Or else I will lay thee low!”
“To whom shall I yield,” Earl Percy said,
“Sin’ I see that it maun be so?”

“Thou shalt not yield to lord or loun,¹
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the bracken bush
That grows upon yon lily lee!”

“I will not yield to a bracken bush,
Nor yet will I to a brier;
But I would yield to Lord Douglas,
Or Hugh Montgomery if he were here.”

As sune as he knew it was Montgomery,
He stuck his sword-point in the ground:
Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the hand.

This deed was dune at the Otterburn,
About the breaking o’ the day;
Earl Douglas was buried by the bracken bush,
And Percy led captive away.

¹ common fellow.

THE DEATH OF RICHARD II

1399

POMFRET: *The Dungeon of the Castle.**King Richard. Enter Groom.**Groom.* Hail, royal prince !

K. Richard. Thanks, noble peer,
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou ? And how com'st thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live ?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, King,
When thou wert King : who, travelling towards York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary !
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dressed !

K. Richard. Rode he on Barbary ? Tell me, gentle
friend,
How went he under him ?

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdained the ground.

K. Richard. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his
back !

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand ;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.

Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down
 (Since pride must have a fall) and break the neck
 Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
 Forgiveness, horse! Why do I rail on thee,
 Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
 Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse,
 And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
 Spur-gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper with a dish.

Keeper (to the Groom). Fellow, give place, here is no longer stay.

K. Richard. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. *[Exit.*

Keeper. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Richard. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keeper. My lord, I dare not. Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the King, commands the contrary.

K. Richard. The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee!

Patience is stale and I am weary of it.

[Strikes the Keeper.

Keeper. Help! help! help!

Enter Sir Pierce of Exton and Servants armed.

K. Richard. How now! What means death in this rude assault?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[Snatching a weapon and killing one.

Go thou and fill another room in hell.

[*He kills another, then Exton strikes him down.*

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the King's blood stain'd the King's own land.
Mount, mount my soul ! Thy seat is up on high
While my gross flesh sinks downward here to die.

[*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood,
Both have I spilt ; O, would the deed were good !
For now the devil that told me I did well
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King I'll bear,
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[*Exeunt.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*Richard II.*, Act v. Sc. 5).

LONDON LACKPENNY

C. 1400

To London once my steps I bent,
Where truth in nowise should be faint ;
To Westminster-ward I forthwith bent,
To a man of law to make complaint ;
I said, " For Mary's love, that holy saint !
Pity the poor that would proceed ! "
But for lack of money I could not speed

And as I thrust the press among,
By froward chance my hood was gone ;
Yet for all that I stayed not long,
Till to the King's Bench I was come.
Before the judge I kneeled anon,
And prayed him for God's sake to heed ;
But for lack of money I could not speed.

Beneath them sat clerkès a great rout,
Which fast did write by one assent ;
There stood up one, and cried about,
"Richard, Robert, and John of Kent."
I wist not well what this man meant,
He cried so thickly there indeed ;
But he that lacked money might not speed.

Unto the common place I yodë tho,
Where sat one with a silken hood ;
I did him reverence for I ought to do so,
And told my case as well as I could,
How my goods were defrauded me by falsehood ;
I got not a mum of his mouth for my meed,
And for lack of money I might not speed.

Unto the Rolls I got me thence,
Before the clerks of Chancery,
Where many I found earning of pence,
But none at all regarded me.
I gave them my plaint upon my knee :
They liked it well when they had it read,
But lacking money I could not be sped.

In Westminster Hall I found out one
 Which went in a long gown of raye ; ¹
 I crouched and kneeled before him anon,
 For Mary's love, of help I him gan pray.
 "I wot not what thou meanest," gan he say ;
 To get me thence he did me bede ; ²
 For lack of money I could not speed.

Within this Hall, neither rich nor yet poor
 Would do for me aught, although I should die ;
 Which seeing, I got me out of the door,
 Where Flemings began on me to cry,
 "Master, what will you copen ³ or buy ?
 Fine felt hats, or spectacles to read ?
 Lay down your silver, and here you may speed."

Then to Westminster-gate I presently went,
 When the sun was at high prime ;
 Cooks to me they took good intent,
 And proffered me bread, with ale and wine,
 Ribs of beef, both fat and full fine ;
 A fair cloth they gan for to spread ;
 But wanting money I might not speed.

Then unto London I did me hie,
 Of all the land it beareth the prize.
 "Hot peascods !" one began to cry,
 "Strawberries ripe !" and "Cherries in the rise !" ⁴
 And bade me come near, and buy some spice ;
 Pepper and saffron they gan me bede ;
 But for lack of money I might not speed.

¹ striped cloth. ² did bid me. ³ exchange. ⁴ on the branch.

Then to the Chepe I gan me drawn,
 Where much people I saw for to stand,
 One offered me velvet, silk, and lawn,
 Another, he taketh me by the hand ;
 "Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land."
 I never was used to such things indeed ;
 And wanting money, I might not speed.

Then full I went by London Stone,
 Throughout all Canwyke Street ;
 Drapers much cloth offered me anon ;
 Then comes me one cried, "Hot sheep's feet !"
 One cried mackerel, pesen¹ green, another gan greet ;
 One bade me a hood to cover my head ;
 But for want of money I might not be sped.

Then I hied me unto East-Chepe,
 One cries ribs of beef, and many a pie ;
 Pewter pots they clattered on a heap ;
 There was harp, pipe, and minstrelsy ;
 "Yea, by cock !" "Nay, by cock !" some began cry,
 Some sung of Jenkyn and Julian for their meed,
 But for lack of money I might not speed.

Then unto Cornhill anon I yode,
 Where was much stolen gear among ;
 I saw where hung mine own hood,
 That I had lost among the throng ;
 To buy mine own hood I thought it wrong ;
 I knew it well as I did my creed,
 But for lack of money I could not speed.

¹ peas.

The taverner took me by the sleeve,
“Sir,” saith he, “will you our wine assay?”
I answered, “That cannot much me grieve,
A penny can do no more than it may;”
I drank a pint and for it did pay;
Yet soon a-hungred from thence I yode,
And wanting money I could not speed.

Then hied I me to Billingsgate;
And one cried, “Hoo! go we hence!”
I prayed a bargeman, for God’s sake,
That he would spare me my expense;
“Thou scapst not here,” quoth he, “under twopence;
I list not yet bestow my alms deed.”
Thus lacking money I could not speed.

Then I conveyed me into Kent,
For of the law would I meddle no more;
Because no man to me took intent,
I dight ¹ me do as I did before,
Now Jesus, that in Bethle’m was bore,
Save London, and send true lawyers their meed;
For whoso wants money with them shall not speed.

JOHN LYDGATE (*modernised*).

¹ prepared.

HENRY IV.'S ADVICE TO PRINCE HAL

C. 1413

King Henry. God pardon thee! Yet let me
wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood;
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does forethink thy fall,
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession;
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But, like a comet, I was wondered at:
That men would tell their children, *This is he,*
Others would say, *Where? which is Bolingbroke?*
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dressed myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,

Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new ;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wondered at ; and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burn'd ; carded his state ;
Mingled his royalty with capering fools ;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns ;
And gave his countenance against his name,
To laugh at gibling boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative.
Grew a companion to the common streets ;
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity ;
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes
They surfeited with honey ; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze—
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes ;
But rather drows'd, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and rendered such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd and full.

And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou :
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
 With vile participation ; not an eye
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more,
 Which now doth that I would not have it do—
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
 (*Henry IV.*, Part I. Act iii. Sc. 2).

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

1415

FAIR stood the wind for France
 When we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry ;
 But putting to the main,
 At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
 With all his martial train,
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort
 Furnished in warlike sort,
 Marched towards Agincourt
 In happy hour ;
 Skirmishing day by day
 With those that stopped his way,
 Where the French gen'ral lay
 With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
 To the King sending ;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile ;
Yet with an angry smile
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Harry then,
“Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazèd.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raisèd.

“And for myself,” quoth he,
“This my full rest shall be,
England ne’er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me,
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain ;
Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

Poictiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell ;
 No less our skill is

Than when our grandsire great,
 Claiming the royal seat,
 By many a warlike feat
 Lop'd the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread
 The eager vanward led ;
 With the main Henry sped,
 Amongst his henchmen.
 Exeter had the rear—
 A braver man not there :
 O lord, how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
 Armour on armour shone,
 Drum now to drum did groan,
 To hear was wonder ;
 That with the cries they make
 The very earth did shake,
 Trumpet to trumpet spake,
 Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
 O noble Erpingham,
 Which did the signal aim
 To our hid forces ;
 When from a meadow by,
 Like a storm suddenly,
 The English archery
 Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung
Piercing the weather ;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw
And forth their bilboes drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy ;
Arms were from shoulders sent
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding
As to o'erwhelm it ;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother,

Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
 Oxford the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made
 Still as they ran up;
 Suffolk his axe did ply,
 Beaumont and Willoughby
 Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St Crispin's Day
 Fought was this noble fray,
 Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry;
 O when shall Englishmen
 With such acts fill a pen,
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry?

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

HENRY V.'S SPEECH BEFORE AGINCOURT

1415

Westmoreland. O that we now had here
 But one ten thousand of those men in England
 That do no work to-day!

King Henry. What's he that wishes so?
 My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin,

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more :
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold ;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more !
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian :
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours
And say—To-morrow is St Crispian ;
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars
And say—These wounds I had on Crispin's day
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages

What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words—
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good man teach his son;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
 For he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition;
 And gentlemen in England, now abed,
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
 That fought with us upon St Crispin's Day.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*Henry V.*, Act iv. Sc. 3).

SOLILOQUY OF HENRY VI. AT THE BATTLE OF TOWTON

King Henry. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
 When dying clouds contend with growing light,
 What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
 Can neither call it perfect day, nor night. . .
 Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
 Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
 Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea

Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind :
Sometimes the flood prevails, and then the wind ;
Now one the better, then another best,
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered :
So is the equal pose of this fell war.
Here on this mole hill will I set me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory !
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so ;
For what is in this world but grief and woe ?
O God ! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain ;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run ;—
How many make the hour full complete ;
How many hours bring about the day ;
How many days will finish up the year ;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known—then to divide the times,—
So many hours must I tend my flock ;
So many hours must I take my rest ;
So many hours must I contemplate ;
So many hours must I sport myself ;
So many days my ewes have been with young ;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau ;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece ;
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,

Pass'd over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
 O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold, it doth.
 And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust and treason wait on him.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
 (*Henry VI.*, Part III., Act ii. Sc. 5).

THE BETRAYAL OF HENRY, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

1483

[The Poet imagines himself as being taken by Sorrow into the under-world, where he meets the ghosts of those who have met with tragic deaths. First of these is Henry, Duke of Buckingham (executed for his rebellion against Richard III.), who thus makes his complaint:—]

I HAD upraised a mighty band of men,
 And marched forth in order of array,

Leading my power amid the forest Dene,
Against the tyrant banner to display:
But lo, my soldiers cowardly shrank away:
For such is Fortune when she list to frown,
Who seems most sure him soonest she whirls down

And being thus, alone, and all forsake
Amid the thick, forwandered in despair,
As one dismayed, ne wist what way to take
Until at last gan to my mind repair
A man of mine called Humfrey Banastaire,
Wherewith me feeling much recomforted,
In hope of succour to his house I fled.

Who being one whom erst I had upbrought
Even from his youth and loved and likéd best,
To gentry state advancing him from naught.
And had in secret trust, above the rest,
Of special trust, now being thus distrest
Full secretly to him I me conveyed
Not doubting there but I should find some aid.

But out, alas, on cruel treachery,
When that this caitiff once an inkling heard,
How that King Richard had proclaimed that he
Which me descried should have for his reward
A thousand pounds, and further be preferred,
His truth so turned to treason, all distained
That faith quite fled, and I by trust was trained.¹

For by this wretch I being straight betrayed
To one John Milton, sheriff of Shropshire then,

¹ entrapped.

All suddenly was taken, and conveyed
To Salisbury with rout of harnessed men,
Unto King Richard there, encamped then
Fast by the city with a mighty host :
Withouten doom ¹ where head and life I lost.

And with these words, as if the axe even there
Dismemberèd his head and corpse apart,
Dead fell he down : and we in woeful fear
Stood mazèd when he would to life revert
But deadly griefs still grew about his heart
That still he lay, sometime revived with pain
And with a sigh becoming dead again.

Midnight was come, and every vital thing
With sweet sound sleep their weary limbs did rest,
The beasts were still, the little birds that sing
Now sweetly slept beside their mother's breast,
The old and all were shrouded in their nest :
The waters calm, the cruel seas did cease,
The woods, the fields, and all things held their peace.

The golden stars were whirled amid their race,
And on the earth did laugh with twinkling light,
When each thing nestled in his resting-place,
Forgot day's pain with pleasure of the night :
The hare had not the greedy hounds in sight,
The fearful deer of death stood not in doubt,
The partridge dreamt not of the falcon's foot.

¹ trial.

The ugly bear now minded not the stake,
 Nor how the cruel mastiffs do him tear,
 The stag lay still, unrousèd from the brake,
 The foamy boar feared not the hunter's spear :
 All thing was still in desert bush and briar :

With quiet heart now from their travail ceased
 Soundly they slept in midst of all their rest.

When Buckingham, amidst his plaint oppressed
 With surging sorrows and with pinching pains
 In sort thus swooned, and with a sigh he ceased
 To tellen forth the treachery and the trains
 Of Banastaire : which him so sore distrains
 That from a sigh he falls into a swoond
 And from a swoond lieth raging on the ground.

(From *The Complaint of Henry, Duke of Buckingham*,
 in SACKVILLE'S *Mirror for Magistrates*.)

THE MURDER OF THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER

1483

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done ;
 The most arch deed of piteous massacre
 That ever yet this land was guilty of.
 Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
 To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
 Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
 Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,

Wept like to children in their death's sad story.
"O thus," quoth Dighton, *"lay the gentle babes,"*—
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, *"girdling one another*
Within their alabaster innocent arms :
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;
Which once," quoth Forrest, *"almost chang'd my mind ;*
But, O, the devil"—there the villain stopp'd :
 When Dighton thus told on,—*"we smotherèd*
The most replenishèd sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd."
 Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse ;
 They could not speak ; and so I left them both,
 To bear this tidings to the bloody king :
 And here he comes.—

Enter King Richard.

All health, my sov'reign lord !

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news ?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
 Beget your happiness, be happy then,
 For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead ?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel ?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them ;
 But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,
 When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
 Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,

And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close ;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage ;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good-night.
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Catesby.

Cate. My lord !

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so
bluntly ?

Cate. Bad news, my lord : Morton is fled to Richmond ;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come,—I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary :
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king !
Go, muster men : my counsel is my shield ;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. [*Exeunt.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
(*Richard III.*, Act iv. Sc. 3).

BOSWORTH FIELD

1485

*Alarum : Excursions. Enter Norfolk and Forces. To him
Catesby.*

Catesby. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue !
The King enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger ;
His horse is slain and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Richard. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

Catesby. Withdraw, my lord ; I'll help you to a horse.

K. Richard. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.

I think there be six Richmonds in the field ;

Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.—

A horse ! a horse ! My kingdom for a horse ! [*Exeunt.*]

*Alarums. Enter from opposite sides King Richard and
Richmond, and exeunt fighting. Retreat and flourish.
Then re-enter Richmond, Stanley bearing the crown
and divers other Lords and forces.*

Richmond. God and your arms be praised, victorious
friends,

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stanley. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit
thee !

Lo, here, this long usurped loyalty
 From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
 Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal :
 Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richmond. Great God of Heaven, say amen to all!—
 But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Stanley. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town ;
 Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

Richmond. What men of name are slain of either side?

Stanley. John, Duke of Norfolk, Walter, Lord Ferrers,
 Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richmond. Inter their bodies as becomes their births :
 Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
 That in submission will return to us :
 And then as we have ta'en the sacrament,
 We will unite the white rose and the red :—
 Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
 That long hath frown'd upon their enmity !—
 What traitor hears me and says not amen ?
 England hath long been mad and scarr'd herself ;
 The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
 The father rashly slaughtered his own son,
 The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire :
 All this divided York and Lancaster,
 Divided in their dire division,
 O now let Richmond and Elizabeth
 The true succeeders of each royal house,
 By God's fair ordinance conjoin together
 And let their heirs (God, if Thy will be so)
 In the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace
 - smiling plenty and fair prosperous days !

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again
And make poor England weep in streams of blood !
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace,
Now evil wars are stopp'd, peace lives again :
That she may long live here, God say amen ! [Exeunt.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
(*Richard III.*, Act v. Sc. 4).

HENRY VII. AND PERKIN WARBECK

1492

*King Henry VII. To him enter Dawbeney with a Guard,
leading in Warbeck, Heron, John-a-Water, Actley and
Sketon, chained.*

Daw. Life to the King and safety fix his throne !
I here present you, royal sir, a shadow
Of majesty, but in effect a substance
Of pity, a young man, in nothing grown
To ripeness, but the ambition of your mercy,
Perkin, the Christian world's strange wonder.

King H. Dawbeney,
We observe no wonder ; I behold, 'tis true
An ornament of nature, fine and polished,
A handsome youth indeed, but not admire him.
How came he to thy hands ?

Daw. From sanctuary
At Bewley near Southampton ; registered
With these few followers for persons privileged.

King H. I must not thank you, sir ! you were to blame

To infringe the liberty of houses sacred
Dare we be irreligious?

Daw. Gracious lord,
They voluntarily resigned themselves
Without compulsion.

King H. So? 'twas very well;
'Twas very, very well!—turn now thine eyes,
Young man, upon thyself and thy past actions.
What revels in combustion through our kingdom,
A frenzy of aspiring youth hath danced
Till, wanting breath, thy feet of pride have slipt
To break thy neck!

War. But not my heart—my heart
Will mount, till every drop of blood be frozen
By death, perpetual winter; if the sun
Of majesty be darkened, let the sun
Of life be hid from me in an eclipse
Lasting and universal! Sir, remember
There was a shooting in of light, when Richmond
Not aiming at a crown, retired and gladly,
For comfort to the Duke of Bretagne's court.
Richard, who swayed the sceptre, was reputed
A tyrant then; yet then, a dawning glimmered
To some few wand'ring remnants, promising day
When first they ventured on a frightful shore,
At Milford Haven—

Daw. Whither speeds this boldness?
Check his rude tongue, great sir.

King H. O, let him range:
The player's on the stage still, 'tis his part,
He does but act. What follow'd? *War.* Bosworth Field:

Where at an instant, to the world's amazement
A morn to Richmond and a night to Richard,
Appeared at once: the tale is soon applied;
Fate, which crowned these attempts when least assured
Might have befriended others, like resolved.

King H. A pretty gallant! thus, your aunt of Burgundy,
Your duchess aunt, informed her nephew: so
The lesson prompted, and well conn'd was moulded
Into familiar dialogue, oft rehearsed,
Till, learnt by heart, 'tis now received for truth.

War. Truth, in her pure simplicity, wants art
To put a feigned blush on; scorn wears only
Such fashion as commends to gazers' eyes
Sad ulcerated novelty, far beneath
The sphere of majesty; in such a court
Wisdom and gravity are proper robes
By which a sovereign is best distinguished
From zanies to his greatness.

King H. Sirrah, shift
Your antic pageantry and now appear
In your own nature, or you'll taste the danger
Of fooling out of season.

War. I expect
No less, than what severity calls justice,
And politicians safety; let such beg
As feed on alms: but, if there can be mercy
In a protested enemy, then may it
Descend to these poor creatures whose engagements
To th' bettering of their fortunes have incurred
A loss of all; to them, if any charity
Flow from some noble orator, in death,

I owe the fee of thankfulness.

King H. So brave?

What a bold knave is this! Which of these rebels
Has been the mayor of Cork?

Daw. This wise formality,
Kneel to the King, ye rascals!

[*They kneel.*]

King H. Canst thou hope
A pardon, where thy guilt is so apparent?

John-a-W. Under your good favours, as men are men,
they may err; for I confess respectively in taking great
parts, the one side prevailing, the other side must go down;
herein the point is clear, if the proverb hold that hanging
goes by destiny, that it is to little purpose to say, this
thing or that, shall be thus, or thus; for, as the fates will
have it, so it must be; and who can help it?

Daw. O blockhead! thou a privy counsellor?
Beg life and cry aloud, "Heaven save King Henry!"

John-a-W. Every man knows what is best as it happens;
for my own part, I believe it is true, if I be not deceived
that kings must be kings and subjects. Subjects: but
which is which you must pardon me for that;—whether
we speak or hold our peace, all are mortal, no man knows
his end.

King H. We trifle time with follies.

All. Mercy, mercy!

King H. Urswick, command the dukeling, and these
fellows

[*They rise.*]

To Digby, the lieutenant of the Tower
With safety, let them be conveyed to London;
It is our pleasure, no uncivil outrage
Taunts or abuse be offered to their persons;

They shall meet fairer law than they deserve.
Time may restore their wits, whose vain ambition
Hath many years distracted.

War. Noble thoughts
Meet freedom in captivity: the Tower?
Our childhood's dreadful nursery.

King H. No more!

Urs. Come, come, you shall have leisure to bethink you.

[*Exit Urs. with Perkin and his followers guarded.*]

King H. Was ever so much impudence in forgery?
The custom sure of being styled a king
Hath fastened in his thought that he is such.
But we shall teach the lad another language:
'Tis good we have him fast.

Daw. The hangman's physic
Will purge this saucy humour.

King H. Very likely.
Yet we could temper mercy with extremity
Being not too far provoked.

JOHN FORD.

(*Perkin Warbeck*, Act v. Sc. 2.)

THE SCOTCH CAMP AT FLODDEN

1513

BUT different far the change has been,
Since Marmion, from the crown
Of Blackford, saw that martial scene
Upon the bent so brown:
Thousand pavilions, white as snow,
Spread all the Borough-moor below,

Upland, and dale, and down :—
A thousand did I say? I ween,
Thousands on thousands there were seen,
That chequered all the heath between
The streamlet and the town;
In crossing ranks extending far,
Forming a camp irregular;
Oft giving way, where still there stood
Some relics of the old oak wood,
That darkly huge did intervene,
And tamed the glaring white with green :
In their extended lines there lay
A martial kingdom's vast array.
For from Hebrides, dark with rain,
To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,
And from the Southern Redswire edge,
To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge;
From west to east, from south to north,
Scotland sent all her warriors forth.
Marmion might hear the mingled hum
Of myriads up the mountain come;
The horses' tramp and tingling clank,
Where chiefs review'd their vassal rank,
And charger's shrilling neigh;
And see the shifting lines advance,
While frequent flashed, from shield and lance,
The sun's reflected ray.

Thin curling in the morning air,
The wreaths of failing smoke declare

To embers now the brands decay'd
Where the night-watch their fires had made.
They saw, slow rolling on the plain,
Full many a baggage-cart and wain,
And dire artillery's clumsy car,
By sluggish oxen tugg'd to war ;
And there were Borthwick's Sisters Seven,
And culverins which France had given.
Ill-omen'd gift ! the guns remain
The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain.

Nor marked they less, where in the air
A thousand streamers flaunted fair ;
 Various in shape, device, and hue,
 Green, sanguine, purple, red and blue,
Broad, narrow, swallow-tailed, and square,
Scroll, pennon, pensil, bandrol, there
 O'er the pavilions flew.
Highest and midmost was descried
The royal banner floating wide ;
 The staff, a pine-tree, strong and straight,
Pitched deeply in a massive stone,
Which still in memory is shown,
Yet bent beneath the standard's weight
 Whene'er the western wind unroll'd
 With toil, the huge and cumbrous fold,
And gave to view the dazzling field,
Where in proud Scotland's royal shield,
 The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From *Marmion*, Canto iv., Stanzas xxv.-xxviii.)

THE DISGRACE OF WOLSEY

1529

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart now open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell.

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well ;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now ; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,
'These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour :
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use
of it.

Wol. I hope I have ; I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries, and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden :
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones,

When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
 May have a tomb of orphan's tears wept on 'em!
 What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
 Install'd Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne
 Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
 This day was view'd in open as his queen,
 Going to chapel; and the voice is now
 Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O,
 Cromwell,
 The King has gone beyond me; all my glories
 In that one woman I have lost for ever:
 No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell,
 I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
 To be thy lord and master: Seek the King;
 That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
 What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
 Some little memory of me will stir him,—
 I know his noble nature,—not to let
 Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
 Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
 For thine own future safety.

Crom. O, my lord,
 Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,

With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The King shall have my service ; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee ;
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King ;
And,—prithee, lead me in :
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny ; 'tis the King's : my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
(*King Henry VIII.*, Act. iii. Sc. 2).

KATHARINE OF ARAGON HEARS THE NEWS OF WOLSEY'S DEATH

1529

Griffith. How does your grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death;
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair:
So—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace
Out of the pain you suffered, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Prythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam;
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,

He felt sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man !

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester ;
Lodg'd in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him ;
To whom he gave these words,—“ *O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye :
Give him a little earth for charity !*”

So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still : and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak
And yet with charity :—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes ; one, that by suggestion,
Tied all the kingdom ; simony was fair play,
His own opinion was his law : i' the presence
He would say untruths ; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :
His promises were, as he then was, mighty,
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now ?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith,
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from a humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading ;
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not ;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely : ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you
Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him,
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me

With thy religious truth and modesty
Now in his ashes honour : peace be with him !
Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower,
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to. [*Sad and solemn music.*]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

(*King Henry VIII.*, Act iv. Sc. 2.)

IN PRAISE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

1533

(Cranmer, baptizing the infant princess, prophesies of her future greatness.)

Cranmer.

Let me speak, sir,

For heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth :
This royal infant (Heaven still move about her !)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness : she shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed : Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is

With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd: her own shall bless her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her,—
In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, nor by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another bier,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness),
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was
And so stand fix'd: peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him:—Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King Henry.

Thou speakest wonders.

Cranmer. She shall be, to the happiness of England,

An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
 Would I had known no more ! but she must die,
 She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin
 A most unspotted lily shall she pass
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
 (*King Henry VIII.*, Act v. Sc. 4.)

RALEIGH BRINGS SPENSER TO THE COURT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

1590.

FORTH on our voyage we by land did pass,
 (Quoth he) as that same shepherd still us guided,
 Until that we to Cynthia's presence came :
 Whose glory greater than my simple thought
 I found much greater than the former fame ;
 Such greatness I cannot compare to aught
 But if I her like aught on earth might read,
 I would her liken to a crown of lilies,
 Upon a virgin bride's adorned head,
 With roses dight and golden daffodilies,
 Or like the circlet of a turtle true,
 In which all colours of the rainbow be ;
 Or like fair Phœbe's garland shining new
 In which all pure perfection one may see.
 But vain it is to think of paragon
 Of earthly things, to judge of things divine :
 Her power, her mercy, and her wisdom, none

Can deem, but who the godhead can define.
 Why then do I, base shepherd, bold and blind
 Presume the things so sacred to profane?
 More fit it is t' adore with humble mind,
 The image of the heavens in shape humane.

EDMUND SPENSER.

LADY JANE'S LAMENT

1554

Now must I lose my head,
 A guiltless death I die.
 Ah, why should my dear blood be shed,
 Now, tell me, England, why?

What have I done amiss?
 Full surely nothing, I;
 My life by malice wrongéd is:
 And I therefore shall die.

I never sought a crown,
 With only books content,
 I asked no glory nor renown,
 But such as they had lent.

I strove to put away
 Such trouble from my breast.
 My husband's father did gainsay
 What I still held for best.

Then pity me all you
 That see my hapless fate,
 Remember that I die as true
 As I have lived in state.

I saw my Dudley fall
 Beneath the headsman's blow,
 And now am brought before you all
 To suffer as you know.

I never did man wrong,
 And least of all the Queen,
 But you will find, ere it be long,
 Whatever she doth mean.

Lewd popery will again
 Be stablished in the land;
 And martyr's blood the scaffold stain
 Or brent with fiery brand.

Take warning then by me
 Of what will soon ensue,
 I die for faith and purity,
 And bid you all adieu.

Contemporary Ballad (author unknown).

THE RISING IN THE NORTH

1569

LISTEN, lively lordings all,
 Lithe and listen unto me,
 And I will sing of a noble earl,
 The noblest earl in the North Countrie.

Earl Percy is unto his garden gone,
And after him walks his fair ladye.

"I heard a bird sing in my ear
That I must either fight or flee."

"Now heaven forefend, my dearest lord,
That ever such harm should hap to thee,
But go to London to the Court
And fair fall truth and honesty."

"Now nay, now nay, my lady gay,
Alas! thy counsel suits not me;
Mine enemies prevail so fast
That at the Court I may not be."

"O go to the Court yet, my good lord,
And take thy gallant men with thee,
And if any dare to do you wrong
Then your warrant they may be."

"Now nay, now nay, thou lady fair,
The Court is full of subiltie,
And if I go to the Court, lady,
Never more I may thee see."

"Yet go to the Court, my lord," she says
"And I myself will ride with thee,
At Court then for my dearest lord
His faithful borrow I will be."

"Now nay, now nay, my lady dear,
For lever had I lose my life
Than leave among my cruel foes
My love in jeopardy and strife.

“But come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come thou hither unto me
To Maister Norton thou must go
In all the haste that ever may be.

“Commend me to that gentleman,
And bear this letter here from me,
And say that earnestly I pray
He will ride in my company.”

One while the little foot-page went,
And another while he ran,
Until he came to his journey's end,
The little foot-page never blan.¹

When to that gentleman he came,
Down he kneeléd on his knee ;
And took the letter betwixt his hands,
And let the gentleman it see.

And when the letter it was read
Afore that goodly company,
I wis if you the truth would know
There was many a weeping eye.

He said, “Come hither, Christopher Norton,
A gallant youth thou seem'st to be,
What dost thou counsel me, my son,
Now that good earl's in jeopardy?”

“Father, my counsel's fair and free,
That earl he is a noble lord,
And whatsoever to him you hight,
I would not have you break your word.”

¹ ceased.

“Granmercy, Christopher, my son,
Thy counsel well it liketh me,
And if we speed and 'scape with life
Well advancéd shalt thou be.

“Come you hither mine nine good sons,
Gallant men I trow you be,
How many of you, my children dear,
Will stand by that good earl and me?”

Eight of them did answer make,
Eight of them spake hastilie:
“O father, till the day we die,
We'll stand by that good earl and thee!”

“Granmercy, now my children dear,
You show yourselves right bold and brave,
And wheresoe'er I live or dee,
A father's blessing you shall have.

“But what say'st thou, O Francis Norton?
Thou art my oldest son and heir;
Somewhat lies brooding in your breast:
Whatever it be, to me declare.”

“Father, you are an agéd man,
Your head is white, your beard is gray;
It were a shame at these your years,
For you to rise in such a fray.”

“Now fie upon thee, coward Francis,
Thou never learnedst this of me;
When thou wert young and tender of age,
Why did I make so much of thee?”

“ But, father, I will wend with you,
 Unarmed and naked will I be,
 And he that strikes against the crown,
 Ever an ill death may he dee.”

Then rose that reverend gentleman,
 And with him came a goodly band
 To join the brave Earl Percy,
 And all the flower o’ Northumberland.

With them the noble Neville came,
 The earl of Westmoreland was he ;
 At Wetherby they mustered their host,
 Thirteen thousand fair to see.

Lord Westmoreland his ancient raised,
 The Dun Bull he raised on high ;
 And three dogs with golden collars
 Were there set out most royally.

Earl Percy there his ancient raised,
 The Half-Moon shining all so fair ;
 The Norton’s ancient had the Cross,
 And the Five Wounds our Lord did bear.

Then Sir George Bowes he straightway rose,
 After them some spoil to make ;
 Those noble earls turned back again,
 And aye they vowed that knight to take.

The baron he to his castle fled,
 To Barnard Castle then fled he ;
 The uttermost walls were eathe¹ to win,
 The earls have won them presently.

¹ easy.

The uttermost walls were lime and brick,
But though they won them soon anon,
Long e'er they won the innermost walls,
For they were cut in rock and stone.

Then news unto leeve London came
In all the speed that ever might be,
And word is brought to royal queen
Of the rising in the North Countrie.

Her grace she turned her round about,
And like a royal queen she swore,
"I will ordain them such a breakfast
As never was in the North before."

She caused thirty thousand men be raised,
With horse and harness fair to see,
She caused thirty thousand men be raised
To take the earls i' th' North Countrie.

Wi' them the false Earl Warwick went,
Th' Earl Sussex and the Lord Hunsden,
Until they to York Castle came.

I wis they never stint ¹ ne blan.

Now spread thy ancient, Westmoreland,
Thy Dun Bull fair would we spy,
And thou, the Earl o' Northumberland,
Now raise thy half-moon up on high.

But the Dun Bull is fled and gone,
And the Half-Moon vanished away,
The earls, though they were brave and bold,
Against so many could not stay.

¹ stopped.

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sons,
 They doom'd to die, alas! for ruth!
 Thy reverend locks thee could not save,
 Nor them their fair and blooming youth.

Wi' them full many a gallant wight
 They cruelly bereaved of life,
 And many a child made fatherless,
 And widowed many a tender life.

(Old Ballad.)

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

1583

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
 Sailed the corsair Death;
 Wild and fast blew the blast,
 And the east wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
 Glistened in the sun;
 On each side, like pennons wide,
 Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
 Dripped with silver rain;
 But where he passed there were cast
 Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
 Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
 Three days or more seaward he bore,
 Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night;
And never more, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The book was in his hand;
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
He said, "By water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain o'er the open main;
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, for ever southward,
They drift through dark and day;
And like a dream in the Gulf stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE DEATH OF MARY STUART

1587

(Her ladies, Mary Beaton and Barbara Mowbray, watch her execution from a distance.)

Barbara. I wist I was not worthy, though my child
It is that her own hands made Christian: but
I deemed she should have bid you go with her.
Alas, and would not all we die with her?

Mary Beaton. Why, from the gallery here at hand
your eyes
May go with her along the hall beneath
Even to the scaffold: and I fain would hear
What fain I would not look on. Pray you, then,
If you may bear to see it as those below,
Do me that sad good service of your eyes
For mine to look upon it, and declare
All that till all be done I will not see;
I pray you of your pity.

Barbara. Though mine heart
Break, it shall not for fear forsake the sight
That may be faithful yet in following her,
Nor yet for grief refuse your prayer, being fain
To give your love such bitter comfort, who
So long have never left her.

Mary Beaton. Till she die—
I have ever known I shall not till she die.
See you yet aught? If I hear spoken words,

My heart can better bear these pulses, else
Unbearable, that rend it.

Barbara.

Yea, I see

Stand in mid hall the scaffold, black as death,
And black the block upon it : all around,
Against the throng a guard of halberdiers ;
And the axe against the scaffold-rail reclined,
And two men masked on either hand beyond :
And hard behind the block a cushion set,
Black as the chair behind it.

Mary Beaton.

When I saw

Fallen on a scaffold once a young man's head,
Such things as these I saw not. Nay, but on :
I knew not that I spake : and toward your ears
Indeed I spake not.

Barbara.

All those faces change ;

She comes more royally than ever yet
Fell foot of man triumphant on this earth,
Imperial more than empire made her, born
Enthroned as queen sat never. Not a line
Stirs of her sovereign feature : like a bride
Brought home she mounts the scaffold ; and her eyes
Sweep regal round the cirque beneath, and rest,
Subsiding with a smile. She sits, and they,
The doomsmen earls, beside her ; at her left
The sheriff, and the clerk at hand on high
To read the warrant.

Mary Beaton.

None stands there but knows

What things therein are writ against her : God
Knows what therein is writ not. God forgive
All.

Barbara. Not a face there breathes of all the throng
But is more moved than hers to hear this read,
Whose look alone is changed not.

Mary Beaton. Once I knew
A face that changed not in as dire an hour
More than the Queen's face changes. Hath he not
Ended?

Barbara. You cannot hear them speak below :
Come near and hearken ; bid me not repeat
All.

Mary Beaton. I beseech you—for I may not come.

Barbara. Now speaks Lord Shrewsbury but a word or
twain,
And brieflier yet she answers, and stands up
As though to kneel and pray.

Mary Beaton. I too have prayed—
God hear at last her prayers not less than mine,
Which failed not, sure, of hearing.

Barbara. Now draws nigh
That heretic priest, and bows himself, and thrice
Strives, as a man that sleeps in pain, to speak,
Stammering ; she waves him by, as one whose prayers
She knows may nought avail her : now she kneels,
And the earls rebuke her, and she answers not,
Kneeling. O Christ, whose likeness there engraved
She strikes against her bosom, hear her ! Now
That priest lifts up his voice against her prayer,
Praying : and a voice all round goes up with his :
But hers is lift up higher than climbs their cry,
In the great psalms of penitence : and now
She prays aloud in English ; for the Pope

Our father, and his church ; and for her son,
And for the Queen her murderess ; and that God
May turn from England yet His wrath away ;
And so forgives her enemies ; and implores
High intercession of the saints with Christ,
Whom crucified she kisses on His cross,
And crossing now her breast—Ah, heard you not ?
*Even as Thine arms were spread upon the cross,
So make Thy grace, O Jesus, wide for me.
Receive me to Thy mercy so, and so
Forgive my sins.*

Mary Beaton. So be it, if so God please.
Is she not risen up yet ?

Barbara. Yea, but mine eyes
Darken : because those deadly twain close masked
Draw nigh as men that crave forgiveness, which
Gently she grants : *For now*, she said, *I hope
You shall end all my troubles.* Now meseems
They would put hand upon her as to help,
And disarray her raiment : but she smiles—
Heard you not that ? Can you not hear nor speak,
Poor heart, for pain ? *Truly*, she said, *my lords,
I never had such chamber-grooms before
As these to wait on me.*

Mary Beaton. An end, an end.

Barbara. Now come those twain upon the scaffold up
Whom she preferred before us : and she lays
Her crucifix down, which now the headsman takes
Into his cursed hand, but being rebuked
Puts back for shame that sacred spoil of hers.
And now they lift her veil up from her head

Softly, and softly draw the black robe off,
 And all in red, as of a funeral flame,
 She stands up statelier yet before them, tall
 And clothed as if with sunset: and she takes
 From Elspeth's hand the crimson sleeves, and draws
 Their covering on her arms: and now those twain
 Burst out aloud in weeping: and she speaks—
Weep not; I promised for you. Now she kneels;
 And Jane binds round a kerchief on her eyes:
 And smiling last her heavenliest smile on earth,
 She waves a blind hand toward them, with *Farewell,*
Farewell, to meet again: and they come down
 And leave her praying aloud, *In Thee, O Lord,*
I put my trust: and now, that psalm being through,
 She lays between the block and her soft neck
 Her long white peerless hands up tenderly,
 Which now the headsman draws again away,
 But softly too: now stir her lips again—
Into Thine hands, O Lord, into Thine hands,
Lord, I commend my spirit: and now—but now,
 Look you, not I, the last upon her.

Mary Beaton.

Ha!

He strikes away: she stirs not. Nay but now
 He strikes aright, and ends it.

Barbara.

Hark, a cry.

Voice below. So perish all found enemies of the Queen!

Another Voice. Amen.

Mary Beaton. I heard that very cry go up
 Far off long since to God, who answers here.

THE ARMADA

1588

AND lightly the proud hearts prattle,
And lightly the dawn draws nigh,
The dawn of the doom of the battle
When these shall falter and fly;
No day more great in the roll of fate filled ever with fire
the sky.

To fightward they go as to feastward,
And the tempest of ships that drive
Sets eastward ever and eastward,
Till closer they strain and strive,
And the shots that rain on the hulls of Spain are as
thunders afire and alive.

And about them the blithe sea smiles
And flashes to windward and lee,
Round capes and headlands and isles,
That heed not if war there be;
Round Sark, round Wight, green jewels of light in the
ring of the golden sea.

But the men that within them abide
Are stout of spirit and stark
As rocks that repel the tide,
As day that repels the dark;
And the light bequeathed from their swords unsheathed
shines lineal on Wight and on Sark.

And eastward the storm sets ever,
 The storm of the sails that strain,
 And follow and close and sever
 And lose and return and gain;
 And English thunder divides in sunder the holds of the
 ships of Spain.

Southward to Calais, appalled
 And astonished, the vast fleet veers;
 And the skies are shrouded and palled,
 But the moonless midnight hears
 And sees how swift on them drive and drift strange flames
 that the darkness fears.

They fly through the night from shoreward,
 Heart-stricken till morning break,
 And ever to scourge them forward
 Drives down on them England's Drake,
 And hurls them in as they hurtle and spin and stagger
 with storm to wake.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

THE ARMADA

A Fragment

1588

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's
 praise:
 I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient
 days,
 When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
 The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth
Bay ;

Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's
Isle,

At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a
mile.

At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace ;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in
chase.

Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the
wall ;

The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgumbe's lofty
hall ;

Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a
post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff
comes ;

Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him sound the
drums ;

His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample
space ;

For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her
Grace.

And haughtily the trumpets peal and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.

Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.

So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed
Picard field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle
shield.

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to
bay,

And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely
hunters lay.

Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight: ho! scatter
flowers, fair maids:

Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your
blades.

Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her
wide;

Our glorious *semper eadem*, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's
massy fold;

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll
of gold;

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again
shall be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford
Bay,

That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame
spread,

High on St Michael's Mount it shone; it shone on Beachy
Head.

Far on the deep the Spaniards saw, along each southern
shire,

Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire.

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering
waves :
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless
caves ;
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery
herald flew :
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of
Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from
Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton
Down ;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the
night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-
red light ;
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence
broke,
And with one start and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering
fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling
spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice
of fear ;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder
cheer ;
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of
hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down
each roaring street ;

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the
din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring
in:
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike
errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of
Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright
couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for
the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded
still:
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang
from hill to hill:
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky
dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of
Wales.
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely
height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of
light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately
fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless
plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of
Trent;

Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled
 pile,
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of
 Carlisle.

LORD MACAULAY

THE DEATH OF LEICESTER

1588

It is not long since these two eyes beheld
 A mighty prince of most renownèd race,
 Whom England high in count of honour held,
 And greatest ones did sue to gain his grace;
 Of greatest ones he greatest in his place
 Sat in the bosom of his sovereign,
 And *Right and loyal* did his word maintain.

I saw him die—I saw him die, as one
 Of the mean people, and brought forth on bier.
 I saw him die, and no man left to moan
 His doleful fate, that late him loved dear.
 Scarce any left to close his eyelids near;
 Scarce any left upon his lips to lay
 The sacred sod, or Requiem to say.

O trustless state of miserable men,
 That build your bliss on hope of earthly thing,
 And vainly think yourselves half happy then,
 When painted faces with smooth flattering
 Do fawn on you, and your wide praises sing,

And when the courting masker louteth low,
Him true in heart and trusty to you trow

All is but fainèd, and with ochre dyed,
That every shower will wash and wipe away,
All things do change that under heaven abide,
And after death all friendship doth decay,
Therefore whatever man bear'st worldlie sway,
Living on God, and on thyself rely;
For when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

EDMUND SPENSER.

ESSEX AT CADIZ

1596

A SECOND Mars he was of might,
Apollo's wit adorned his mind,
No pen was able to recite
The deeds of good to him assigned.
But envy, that foul murderous fiend,
Hath brought to death true virtue's friend.

The Spaniard proud can well report
The deeds of arms that he hath done;
So witness can their battered fort
And stately Cales¹ he manly won.
And in despite of Spanish pride
Eight days he did therein abide.

¹ Cadiz.

To see if Philip would redeem
His conquered town with gold of Spain,
But when he saw his light esteem,
The town on fire he sets amain.
But to his men straight charge he gave
That maids and wives no harm should have.

Wherein his mercy matched his might,
True Virtues given him from above,
Rich nature's gifts on him were dight,
Which drew from men both fear and love.
A Moses mild in town was he,
In field for Samson deemed to be.

Two stately ships he likewise won,
And England's arms on them advanced,
Which Cæsar's act when he had done,
Into the deep he forthwith launched ;
Hoisting up sails to cut the streams
That shine against the sun's bright beams.

The fishes played in sign of joy,
And mermaids carolled songs of glee;
With wind the silken floods did toy,
And Neptune charged his Tritons three,
For his return the trumps to sound ;
With echoing noise they did abound.

From *An Elegy on the Earl of Essex* (author unknown).

VERSES MADE BY THE EARL OF ESSEX IN
HIS TROUBLE

1601

[Essex here laments the unmanageable character of the Queen, or is represented as so doing.]

THE ways on earth have paths and turnings known,
The ways on sea are gone by needle's light,
The birds of th' air the nearest way have flown,
And under earth the moles do cast aright :
A way more hard than these I needs must take,
Where none can teach nor no man can direct,
Where no man's good for me example makes,
But all men's faults do teach her to suspect.

Her thoughts and mine such disproportion have,
All strength of love is infinite in me ;
She useth th' advantage time and fortune gave
Of worth and power to get the liberty.
Earth, Sea, Heaven, Hell, are subject unto laws,
But I, poor I, must suffer and know no cause.

ON ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND

1603

KINGS', queens', men's, judgments' eyes,
See where your mirror lies :
In whom her friends have seen
A king's state in a queen.

CARMINA BRITANNIÆ

In whom her foes surveyed
 A man's heart in a maid.
 Whom best men for her piety
 Should judge to have been a deity.
 Heaven since by death did summon
 To show she was a woman.

Contemporary poem (author unknown).

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

1607

You brave heroic minds,
 Worthy your country's name,
 That honour still pursue,
 Go, and subdue,
 Whilst loitering hinds
 Lurk here at home, with shame.

Britons, you stay too long,
 Quickly abroad bestow you,
 And with a merry gale
 Swell your stretch'd sail,
 With vows as strong
 As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,
 West and by south forth keep
 Rocks, lee-shores nor shoals
 Where Æolus scowls

You need not fear
 So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea,
Success you still entice,
 To get the pearl and gold,
 And ours to hold
Virginia,
Earth's only paradise.

Where nature hath in store
Fowl, venison and fish,
 And the fruitfull'st soil
 Without your toil,
Three harvests more
All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
 The cedar reaching high
 To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine,
And useful sassafras.

To whose, the golden age
Still nature's law doth give,
 No other cares that tend,
 But them to defend
From winter's age
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land
 Above the seas that flows,
 The clear wind throws,

CARMINA BRITANNIÆ

Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand.

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given)
O you the happiest men
Be frolic then,

Let cannons roar
Frighting the wide Heaven.

And in regions far
Such heroes bring ye forth
As those from whom we came,
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our north.

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel everywhere,
Apollo's sacred tree
You it may see,
A poet's brow
To crown, that may sing there.

Thy voyages attend
Industrious Hakluyt
Whose reading shall inflame
Men to seek fame
And much commend
To after-times thy wit.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

THE OLD AND THE YOUNG COURTIER

[Showing the contrast between the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.]

AN old song made by an agèd pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate ;
 Like an old courtier of the Queen's
 And the Queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word assuages ;
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belonged to coachmen, footmen
 nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges,
 Like an old courtier of the Queen's
 And the Queen's old courtier.

With an old study filled with learnèd old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by
 his looks,
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off its hooks,
And an old kitchen that maintained half a dozen old
 cooks,
 Like an old courtier of the Queen's
 And the Queen's old courtier.

With an old hall hung about with pikes, guns and bows,
With old swords and bucklers, that had borne many
 shrewd blows,

And an old frieze coat to cover his worship's trunk-hose,
And a cup of old sherry to comfort his copper nose.

Like an old courtier of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old courtier.

With a good old fashion, when Christmas was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor enough to made a cat speak and a man
dumb.

Like an old courtier of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old courtier.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel full of
hounds,
That never hawked nor hunted but on his own grounds;
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own
bounds,
And when he died gave every child a thousand good
pounds.

Like an old courtier of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old courtier.

But to his eldest son his house and lands he assigned,
Charging him in his will to keep the bountiful old mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours to
be kind,

But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was
inclined,

Like a young courtier of the King's,
And the King's young courtier.

.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice and spare,
Who never knew what belonged to good housekeeping or
care,

Who buys gaudy-coloured fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight dressings of other women's hair.

Like a young courtier of the King's,
And the King's young courtier.

With a new-fashioned hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures that do the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney wherein burns neither coal nor
wood,

And a new smooth shovel-board, whereon no victuals ever
stood ;

Like a young courtier of the King's,
And the King's young courtier.

With a new study, stuffed full of pamphlets and plays,
And a new chaplain that swears faster than he prays,
With a new buttery-hatch, that opens once in four or five
days,

And a new French cook, to devise kickshaws and toys.

Like a young courtier of the King's,
And the King's young courtier.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we must all be gone,
And leave none to keep house but our old porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a
stone.

Like a young courtier of the King's,
And the King's young courtier.

With a new gentleman-usher whose carriage is complete,
 With a new coachman, footman, and pages to carry up
 the meat,

With a waiting-gentlewoman whose dressing is very neat,
 Who, when her lady has dined, lets the servants not eat.
 Like a young courtier of the King's,
 And the King's young courtier.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old
 gold,
 For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors are sold;
 And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
 Which makes that good housekeeping is now grown so
 cold.

 Like a young courtier of the King's,
 And the King's young courtier.

Contemporary Poem.

ON SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S DEATH

1618

GREAT heart, who taught thee so to die
 Death yielding thee the victory?
 Where took'st thou leave of life? If there,
 How couldst thou be so free from fear?
 But sure thou didst, and quitt'st the state
 Of flesh and blood before that Fate.
 Else what a miracle is wrought
 To triumph both in flesh and thought!
 I saw in every stander by
 Pale Death; life only in thine eye.

The legacy thou gav'st us then
We'll sue for when thou diest again,
For truth shall to thy glory say,
We died, thou only liv'dst that day.

Contemporary poem (author unknown)

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

1620

THE breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast ;
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches toss'd.

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;—
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;—

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ;—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
Till the stars heard, and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthems of the free.

The ocean eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd :—
Such was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band ;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas ? the spoils of war ?
No—'twas a faith's pure shrine.

Yes, call it holy ground,
Which first their brave feet trod !
They have left unstain'd what there they found,
Freedom to worship God !

LAMENT ON THE STATE OF THE ENGLISH
CHURCH

1637

LAST came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake.
Two massy keys he bore of metal twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold !
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast
And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;
Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !
What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped ;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said ;
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

JOHN MILTON (from *Lycidas*).

WHEN THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN

1643

WHAT Booker¹ can prognosticate,
Concerning kings or kingdom's fate?
I think myself to be as wise
As he that gazeth on the skies :
My skill goes beyond
The depth of a Pond
Or Rivers in the greatest rain ;
Whereby I can tell,
All things will be well,
When the King enjoys his own again.

There's neither Swallow, Dove, nor Dade
Can soar more high, nor deeper wade ;
Nor show a reason from the stars,
What causeth peace or civil wars ;
The man in the moon
May wear out his shoon,
By running after Charles his wain ;
But all's to no end,
For the times will not mend
Till the King enjoys his own again.

Though for a time we see Whitehall
With cobwebs hanging on the wall,

¹ Booker, Pond, Rivers, Swallow, Dove, and Dade, whose names occur in these verses were the most famous astrologers of the seventeenth century.

Instead of silk and silver wave,
Which formerly it used to have ;
 With rich perfume
 In every room,
Delightful to that princely train,
 Which again you shall see,
 When the time it shall be,
That the King enjoys his own again.

Full forty years the royal crown
Hath been his father's and his own ;
And is there anyone but he,
That in the same should sharer be ?
 For who better may
 The sceptre sway,
Than he that hath such right to reign ?
 Then let's hope for a peace,
 For the wars will not cease,
Till the King enjoys his own again.

Till then upon Ararat's hill
My Hope shall cast her anchor still,
Until I see some peaceful dove
Bring home the branch I dearly love :
 Then will I wait
 Till the waters abate,
Which now disturb my troubled brain,
 Else never rejoice
 Till I hear the voice,
That the King enjoys his own again.

MARTIN PARKER.

SIR NICHOLAS AT MARSTON MOOR

1644

To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas ! the clarion's note is
high ;
To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas ! the huge drum makes
reply ;
Ere this hath Lucas marched with his gallant Cavaliers,
And the bray of Rupert's trumpet grows fainter on our
ears.
To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas ! White Guy is at the
door,
And the vulture whets his beak o'er the field of Marston
Moor.

Up rose the Lady Alice from her brief and broken prayer,
And she brought a silken standard down the narrow
turret stair.
O many were the tears that those radiant eyes had shed,
As she worked the bright word "Glory" in the gay and
glancing thread ;
And mournful was the smile that o'er those beauteous
features ran,
As she said "It is your lady's gift, unfurl it in the van."

"It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest
ride,
Through the steel-clad files of Skippon and the black
dragoons of Pride ;

The recreant soul of Fairfax will feel a sicklier qualm,
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
When they see my lady's gewgaw flaunt bravely on their
wing,
And hear her loyal soldiers shout "For God and for the
King!"

'Tis noon; the ranks are broken along the royal
line;
They fly, the braggarts of the Court, the bullies of the
Rhine;
Stout Langley's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's
helm is down,
And Rupert sheaths his rapier with a curse and with a
frown;
And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in the flight,
The German boar had better far have supped in York
to-night.

The knight is all alone, his steel cap cleft in twain,
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory
stain;
But still he waves the standard, and cries amid the
rout—
"For Church and King, fair gentlemen! Spur on and
fight it out!"
And now he wards a Roundhead's spike, and now he
hums a stave,
And here he quotes a stage-play, and there he fells a
knave.

Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas ! thou hast no thought
of fear ;

Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas ! but fearful odds are
here.

The traitors ring thee round, and with every blow and
thrust,

“Down, down,” they cry, “with Belial, down with him
to the dust !”

“I would,” quoth grim old Oliver, “that Belial’s trusty
sword

This day were doing battle for the saints and for the
Lord !”

The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower ;

The grey-haired warden watches on the castle’s highest
tower.

“What news, what news, old Anthony ?” “The field is
lost and won :

The ranks of war are melting as the mists beneath the
sun ;

And a wounded man speeds hither—I am old and cannot
see,

Or sure I am that sturdy step my master’s step should be.”

“I bring thee back the standard from as rude and rough
a fray

As e’er was proof of soldier’s thews, or theme for
minstrel’s lay.

Bid Hubert fetch the silver bowl, and liquor *quantum suff* :
I’ll make a shift to drain it ere I part with boot and
buff ;

Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breathing
out his life,
And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful
wife.

“Sweet, we will fill our money-bags and freight a ship for
France ;
And mourn in merry Paris for this poor realm’s mischance ;
Or if the worst betide me, why, better axe or rope
Than life with Lenthall for a king, and Peters for a pope !
Alas, alas, my gallant Guy ! out on the crop-eared boor,
That sent me with my standard on foot from Marston
Moor.”

WILLIAM MACKWORTH PRAED.

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

1645

OH, wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the north,
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all
red ?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout ?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye
tread ?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod ;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the
strong,
Who sat in the high places, and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses
shine,
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long, essenced
hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the
Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The general rode along us to form us to the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a
shout,
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the
Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his
drums,
His bravoës of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks, grasp your pikes, close
your ranks;
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here! They rush on! We are broken! We
are gone!

Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth Thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground.

Hark! hark! What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?

Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys.

Bear up another minute: brave Oliver is here!

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,

Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar,
And he—he turns, he flies:—shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war!

Ho! comrades, scour the plain; and ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your search secure;
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces
and locketts,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts
were gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox, from his chamber in the rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and
hell and fate,
And the fingers that once were so busy with your
blades,
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
Your stage plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and
your spades?

Down, down, for ever down with the mitre and the crown,
With the Belial of the Court and the Mammon of the
Pope ;
There is woe in Oxford halls ; there is wail in Durham's
stalls ;
The Jesuit smites his bosom ; the bishop rends his cope.
And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's
sword ;
And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they
hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses
and the Word.

LORD MACAULAY.

THE BATTLE OF PHILIPHAUGH

1645

ON Philiphaugh a fray began,
At Hairhead wood it ended ;
The Scots out owre the Græmes they ran,
Sae merrily they bended.

Sir David frae the Border came,
Wi' heart and hand cam he ;
Wi' him three thousand bonny Scots,
To bear him company.

Wi' him three thousand valiant men,
A noble sight to see !
A cloud o' mist them weel concealed
As close as e'er might be.

When they came to the Shaw burn
Said he, "Sae weel we frame,
I think it is convenient
That we should sing a psalm."

When they came to the Lingly burn,
As daylight did appear,
They spy'd an aged father,
And he did draw them near.

"Come hither, aged father !"
Sir David he did cry,
"And tell me where Montrose lies,
With all his great army."

"But first you must come tell to me,
If friends or foes you be !
I fear you are Montrose's men,
Come frae the north country."

"No, we are nane o' Montrose's men,
Nor e'er intend to be ;
I am Sir David Lesly,
That's speaking unto thee."

“If you’re Sir David Lesly,
As I think weel ye be,
I am sorry ye hae brought so few
Into your company.

“There’s fifteen thousand armed men
Encampéd on yon lea ;¹
Ye’ll never be a bite to them,
For aught that I can see.

“But halve your men in equal parts,
Your purpose to fulfil ;
Let ae half keep the water side,
The rest gae round the hill.

“Your nether party fire must,
Then beat a flying drum ;
And then they’ll think the day’s their ain,
And frae the trench they’ll come.

“Then those that are behind them maun
Gie shot, baith grit and sma’ ;
And so, between your armies twa,
Ye may make them to fa’.”

“O were ye ever a soldier ?”
Sir David Lesly said ;
“O yes ; I was at Solway Flow,
Where we were all betrayed.

¹ Montrose’s forces amounted to twelve or fifteen thousand foot, and about a thousand cavalry. Lesly had five or six thousand men, mostly horse.

“ Again I was at curst Dunbar,
And was a pris’ner ta’en;
And many a weary night and day
In prison I hae lain.”

“ If ye will lead these men aright,
Rewarded ye shall be;
But, if that ye a traitor prove,
I’ll hang thee on a tree.”

“ Sir, I will not a traitor prove,
Montrose has plundered me;
I’ll do my best to banish him
Away frae this country.”

He halved his men in equal parts,
His purpose to fulfil;
The one part kept the water side,
The other gaed round the hill.

The nether party firéd brisk,
Then turned and seemed to rin;
And then they a’ came frae the trench,
And cried, “ The day’s our ain ! ”

Old Ballad.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

1650

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crownèd fortune proud

Hast rear'd God's trophies, and His work pursued,
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains
 To conquer still; peace hath her victories
 No less renowned than war: new foes arise
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

JOHN MILTON.

AN HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND

1650

THE forward youth that would appear
 Must now forsake his muses dear,
 Nor in the shadows sing
 His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust
 And oil th' unused armour's rust;
 Removing from the wall
 The corselet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
 In the inglorious arts of peace,
 But through adventurous war
 Urgèd his active star;

And like the three-forked lightning, first
 Breaking the clouds where it was nurst
 Did thorough his own side
 His fiery way divide.

For 'tis all one to courage high,
 The emulous or enemy;
 And with such, to enclose
 Is more than to oppose.

Then burning through the air he went,
 And palaces and temples rent;
 And Cæsar's head at last
 Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
 The face of angry heaven's flame;
 And if we would speak true
 Much to the man is due,

Who from his private gardens where
 He lived reservèd and austere
 (As if his highest plot
 To plant the bergamot:)

Could by industrious valour climb
 To ruin the great work of time,
 And cast the kingdoms old
 Into another mould;

What field of all the Civil War
 Where his were not the deepest scar?
 And Hampton shows what part
 He had of wiser art

Where, twining subtle fears with hope
 He wove a net of such a scope
 That Charles himself might chase
 To Caresbrook's narrow case,

That thence the royal actor borne
 The tragic scaffold might adorn,
 While round the armèd bands
 Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did or mean
 Upon that memorable scene,
 But with his keener eye
 The axe's edge did try ;

Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
 To vindicate his helpless right;
 But bowed his comely head
 Down, as upon a bed.

.

ANDREW MARVELL.

THE SALE OF REBELLIOUS HOUSEHOLD STUFF

1659

REBELLION hath broken up house,
 And hath left me old lumber to sell,
 Come hither and take your choice,
 I promise to use you well.

Will you buy the old speaker's chair?

Which was warm and easy to sit in,
And oft hath been clean'd I declare,
When as it was fouler than fitting.

"Says old Sir Symon the King,
Says old Sir Symon the King,
With his threadbare clothes
And his malmsey nose,
Sing hey ding, ding a ding ding."

Will you buy bacon flitches?

The fattest that ever were spent?
They're the sides of the old committees,
Fed up in the Long Parliament.
Here's a pair of bellows and tongs,
And for a small matter I'll sell ye 'um;
They are made of the presbyter's lungs
To blow up the coals of rebellion.

Says old Sir Symon, etc.

I had thought to have given them once

To some blacksmith for his forge,
But now I have considered on't,
They are consecrate to the Church:
So I'll give them unto some quire

That will make the big organs roar,
And the little pipes to squeak higher
Than ever they did before.

Says old Sir Symon, etc.

Here's the besom of Reformation
Which should have made clean the floor,
But it swept the wealth out of the nation
And left us dirt good store.
Will you buy the state's spinning-wheel
Which spun for the roper's trade?
But better it had stood still,
For now it has spun a fair thread.
Says old Sir Symon, etc.

Here's a roll of the state's tobacco,
If any good fellow will take it;
No Virginia had e'er such a smack-o,
And I'll tell you how they did make it;
'Tis th' Engagement and Covenant cook't
Up with the Abjuration Oath,
And many of them that have took't,
Complain it was foul in the mouth.
Says old Sir Simon, etc.

Here's the purse of the public faith,
Here's the model of the Sequestration,
When the old wives upon their good troth
Lent thimbles to ruin the nation;
Here's Dick Cromwell's Protectorship,
And here are Lambert's commissions,
And here is huge Peters, his scrip
Cramm'd with tumultuous petitions.
Says old Sir Simon, etc.

And here are old Noll's brewing vessels,
And here are his dray and his slings,
Here are Hewson's awl and his bristles,
With divers other odd things,
And what is the price doth belong
To all these matters before ye?
I'll sell them all for an old song,
And so I do end my story.

Says old Sir Simon, etc.

Contemporary Ballad.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

1655

AVENGE, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Ev'n them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in Thy book record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who having learn'd Thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

JOHN MILTON.

ROBERT BLAKE

1657

OUR Happy Warrior! of a race
To whom are richly given
Great glory and peculiar grace
Because in league with Heaven,
Not that the mortal course they trod
Was free from briar and thorn;
Who wears the arrow-mark of God,
Must first the wound have borne.

O like a sailor saint was he,
Our Sea-King! grave and sweet
In temper after victory,
Or cheerful in defeat;
And men would leave their quiet home
To follow in his wake,
And fight in fire, or float in foam,
For love of Robert Blake.

Like that drumhead of Zitska's skin
Thrills his heroic name;
And how the salt-sea-sparkle in
Us, flashes at his fame!
His picture in our heart's best books
Still keeps its pride of place,
From which a lofty spirit looks
With an unfading face;

The face as of an angel, who
 Might live his boyhood here !
 And yet how deadly grand it grew,
 When Wrong drew darkening near.
 All ridged, and ready trenched for war
 The fair frank brow was bent,
 Then shone, like sudden scimitar,
 The lion lineament.

Behold him, with his gallant band,
 On leaguered Lyme's red beach,
 Shoulder to shoulder, see them stand,
 At Taunton in the breach.
 Safe through the battle shocks he went,
 With sword-sweep stern and wide ;
 Strode the grim heaps as Death had lent
 Him his White Horse to ride.

"Give in! our toils you cannot break ;
 The Lion is in the net !
 Famine fights for us." "No," said Blake,
 "My boots I have not ate."
 He smiled across the bitter cup :
 He gripped his good sword-heft :
 "I should not dream of giving up
 While such a meal is left."

Where trumpets blow and streamers flow,
 Behold him, calm and proud,
 Bear down upon the bravest foe,
 A bursting thunder-cloud.

Foremost of all the host that strove
To crowd Death's open door,
In giant mood his way he clove,
Aye first to go before.

And though the battle-lightning blazed,
The thunders roar and roll,
He to Immortal Beauty raised
A statue with his soul,
And never did the Greeks of old
Mirror in marble rare
A wrestler of so fine a mould,
An athlete half so fair.

Homeward the dying Sea-King turns
From his last famous fight,
For England's dear green hills he yearns
At heart, and strains his sight.
The old cliffs loom out gray and grand
The old war-ship glides on,
With one last wave life tries to land,
Falls seaward, and is gone.

With that last leap to touch the coast
He passed into his rest,
And Blake's unwearying arms were crossed
Upon his martial breast.
And while our England waits, and twines
For him her latest wreath,
His is a crown of stars that shines
From out the dusk of death.

For him no pleasant age of ease,
 To wear what youth could win;
 For him no children round his knees,
 To gather his harvest in.
 But with a soul serene he takes
 Whatever lot may come;
 And such a life of labour makes
 A glorious going home.

Famous old Trueheart, dead and gone,
 Long shall his glory grow,
 Who never turned his back upon
 A friend, nor face from foe,
 He made them fear old England's name
 Wherever it was heard,
 He put her proudest foes to shame;
 And Peace smiled on his sword.

With lofty courage, loftier love,
 He died for England's sake;
 And 'mid the loftiest lights above
 Shines our illustrious Blake.
 And shall shine! Glory of the West
 And beacon for the seas;
 While Britain bares its sailor breast
 To battle or to breeze.

Great sailor on the seas of strife;
 Victor by land and wave;
 Brave liver of a gallant life;
 Lord of a glorious grave;

True soldier set on earthly hill
 As sentinel of heaven ;
 A king who keeps his kingdom till
 The last award be given.

Till she forget her old sea-fame
 Shall England honour him,
 And keep the grave-grass from his name
 Till her old eyes be dim.
 And long as free waves folding round,
 Brimful with blessing break,
 At heart she holds him, calm and crowned,
 Immortal Robert Blake.

GERALD MASSEY.

FROM THE ODE TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY

1662

.
 FROM these and all long errors of the way
 In which our wandering predecessors went,
 And, like th' old Hebrews, many years did stray
 In deserts, but of small extent,
 Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last :
 The barren wilderness he passed ;
 Did on the very border stand
 Of the blest Promis'd land ;
 And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
 Saw it himself and show'd us it.

But life did never to one man allow
Time to discover worlds and conquer too ;
Nor can so short a line sufficient be
To fathom the vast depths of Nature's sea ;

The work he did we ought t' admire
And were unjust if we should more require
From his few years, divided 'twixt th' excess
Of low affliction and high happiness :
For who on things remote can fix his sight
That's always in a triumph or a fight ?
From you, great champions ! we expect to get
These spacious countries, but discovered yet ;
Countries, where yet, instead of Nature, we
Her images and idols worship'd see ;
These large and wealthy regions to subdue,
Though learning has whole armies at command,

Quarter'd about in every land,
A better troop she ne'er together drew:
Methinks, like Gideon's little band,
God with design has picked out you
To do those noble wonders by a few :
When the whole host he saw, "They are " (said he)
"Too many to o'ercome for me :"
And now he chooses out his men,
Much in the way that he did then ;
Not those many whom he found
Idly extended on the ground,
To drink with their dejected head
The stream, just so as by their mouths it fled :
No : but those few who took the waters up,
And made of their laborious hands the cup.

Thus you prepar'd, and in the glorious fight
 Their wondrous pattern too you take ;
 Their old and empty pitchers first they brake,
 And with their hands then lifted up the light.
 Io ! sound too the trumpets-here !
 Already your victorious lights appear ;
 New scenes of Heaven already we espy,
 And crowds of golden worlds on high,
 Which from the spacious plains of earth and sea,
 Could never yet discover'd be,
 By sailors' or Chaldeans' watchful eye.
 Nature's great works no distance can obscure,
 No smallness her near objects can secure ;
 Y' have taught the curious sight to press
 Into the privatest recess
 Of her imperceptible littleness !
 Y' have learn'd to read her smallest hand,
 And well begun her deepest sense to understand !

A. COWLEY

THE FIRE OF LONDON

1666

THE diligence of trades and noiseful gain,
 And luxury, more late, asleep was laid ;
 All was the Night's, and in her silent reign
 No sound the rest of Nature did invade.
 In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,
 Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose ;
 And first few scattering sparks about were blown
 Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

Then in some close-pent room it crept along
And, smouldering as it went, in silence fed ;
Till the infant monster, with devouring strong,
Walked boldly upright with exalted head.

Now like some rich and mighty murderer,
Too great for prison, which he breaks with gold,
Who fresher for new mischiefs doth appear
And dares the world to tax him with the old,
So scapes the insulting fire his narrow jail
And makes small outlets into open air ;
There the fierce winds his tender force assail
And beat him downward to his first repair.

And now, no longer letted of his prey,
He leaps up at it with enraged desire,
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey,
And nods at every house his threatening fire.

The ghosts of traitors from the Bridge descend,
With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice ;
About the fire into a dance they bend,
And sing their Sabbath notes with feeble voice.

Our guardian angel saw them where they sate,
Above the palace of our slumbering king ;
He sighed, abandoning his charge to Fate,
And drooping, oft looked back upon the wing.

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze
Called up some waking lover to the sight ;
And long it was ere he the rest could raise
Whose heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

The next to danger, hot pursued by fate,
 Half-clothed, half-naked, hastily retire;
 And frightened mothers strike their breasts too late
 For helpless infants left amidst the fire.

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near;
 Now murmuring noises rise in every street;
 The more remote run stumbling with their fear,
 And in the dark men jostle as they meet.

Now streets grow thronged and busy as by day;
 Some run for buckets to the hallowed quire;
 Some cut the pipes and some the engines play,
 And some more bold mount ladders to the fire.

JOHN DRYDEN.

(From *Annus Mirabilis*.)

ROYAL RESOLUTIONS

1679

WHEN plate was at pawn, and fob at an ebb,
 And spider might weave in bowels its web,
 And stomach as empty as brain;
 Then Charles without acre
 Did swear by his Maker,
 "If e'er I see England again,
 I'll have a religion all of my own,
 Whether Papist or Protestant shall not be known,
 And if it prove troublesome, I will have none.

“ I’ll have a Long Parliament always to friend,
And furnish my treasure as fast as I spend,
And if they will not, they shall have an end.

“ I’ll have as fine bishops as were e’er made with hands,
With consciences flexible to my commands,
And if they displease me—I’ll have all their lands.

“ I’ll have a fine navy to conquer the seas,
And the Dutch shall give caution for their provinces,
And if they should beat me—I’ll do what I please.

“ I’ll have a fine court with ne’er an old face,
And always who beards me shall have the next grace,
And I either will vacate—or buy him a place.

“ I’ll have a privy purse without a control,
I’ll wink all the while my revenue is stole,
And, if any is question’d—I’ll answer the whole.

“ I’ll have a fine tunic, a sash and a vest,
Tho’ not rule like a Turk—yet I will be so drest—
And who knows but the fashion may bring in the rest

“ I’ll have a Council shall always sit still,
And give me licence to do what I will,
And two secretaries shall flourish a quill.

“ My insolent brother shall bear all the sway;
If parliaments murmur, I’ll send him away,
And call him again as soon as I may.

"I'll have a new London instead of the old,
 With wide streets and uniform to my own mould;
 But if they build them too fast, I'll bid 'em hold.

.

"Someone I'll advance from a common descent,
 So high that he shall hector the Parliament,
 And all wholesome laws for the public prevent.

.

"And I will assert him to such a degree,
 That all his foul treasons, tho' many and high,
 Under my hand and seal shall have indemnity.

.

"I'll have a fine pond with a pretty decoy,
 Where many strange fowl shall feed and enjoy,
 And still in their language quack *Vive le Roy!*"

ANDREW MARVELL (?).

CHARACTER OF THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

1681

OF these the false Achitophel was first,
 A name to all succeeding ages curst;
 For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
 Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay

And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity,
 Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
 He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
 Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
 Punish a body which he could not please,
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
 And all to leave what with his toil he won
 To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son,
 Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,
 And born a shapeless lump like anarchy.
 In friendship false, implacable in hate,
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the state;
 To compass this the triple bond he broke,
 The pillars of the public safety shook,
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
 Then seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
 So easy still it proves in factious times
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
 How safe is treason and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the people's will,
 Where crowds can wink and no offence be known,
 Since in another's guilt they find their own!
 Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
 In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin

With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of despatch and easy of access.

Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper to the gown,
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle that oppressed the noble seed,
David for him his tuneful harp had strung
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.

Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame and lazy happiness,
Disdained the golden fruit to gather free
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now manifest of crimes contrived long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his prince,
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and skulked behind the laws.

J. DRYDEN.

(From *Absalom and Achitophel*.)

CHARACTER OF BUCKINGHAM

1681

SOME of their chiefs were princes of the land:
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,

Was everything by starts and nothing long ;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon ;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy !
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes :
So over-violent or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from Court ; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief :
For spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel ;
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

J. DRYDEN.

(From *Absalom and Achitophel*.)

THE DEATH OF BUCKINGHAM

1687

IN the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaster, and the wall of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,

With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw ;
 The George and Garter dangling from that bed
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
 Great Villiers lies—alas ! how changed from him,
 That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim !
 Gallant and gay in Cliefden's proud alcove,
 The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love ;
 Or just as gay at council, in a ring
 Of mimic statesmen and their merry king,
 No wit to flatter, left of all his store !
 No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
 There victor of his health, of fortune, friends
 And fame ; this lord of useless thousands ends.

A. POPE (*Moral Essays*, Epistle III.).

EPITAPH ON CHARLES II.

1685

HERE lies our sovereign lord, the King,
 Whose word no man relies on,
 Who never said a foolish thing,
 And never did a wise one.

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

O WHAT'S THE RHYME TO PORRINGER

1689

O WHAT's the rhyme to porringer?
 Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
 King James the seventh had ae dochter,
 And he ga'e her to an Oranger.

Ken ye how he requited him?
Ken ye how he requited him?
The lad has into England come
And ta'en the crown in spite o' him.

The dog, he sanna keep it lang,
To flinch we'll make him fain again,
We'll hing him hie upon a tree,
And James shall hae his ain again.
Ken ye the rhyme to grasshopper?
Ken ye the rhyme to grasshopper?
A hempen rein and a horse o' tree,
A psalm-book and a presbyter.

Contemporary Poem.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

1704

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
“ ’Tis some poor fellow’s skull,” said he,
“ Who fell in that great victory.

“ I find them in the garden,
For there’s many here about ;
And often when I go to plough
The ploughshare turns them out !
For many thousand men,” said he,
“ Were slain in that great victory.”

“ Now tell us what ’twas all about,’
Young Peterkin, he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
“ Now tell us all about the war
And what they fought each other for.”

“ It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
“ Who put the French to rout ;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out ;
But everybody said,” quoth he,
“ That ’twas a famous victory.”

“ My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ;

So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

“With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died ;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

“They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

“Great praise the Duke of Marlbro’ won,
And our good Prince Eugene.”
“Why ’twas a very wicked thing !”
Said little Wilhelmine.
“Nay . . . nay . . . my little girl,” quoth he,
“It was a famous victory.

“And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.”
“But what good came of it at last ?”
Quoth little Peterkin.
“Why that I cannot tell,” said he,
“But ’twas a famous victory.”

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE

1710

[An allegorical song written about 1710, when the effects of the Union were most severely felt in Scotland.]

It was in old times when trees composed rhymes,
And flowers did with elegy flow ;
It was in a field, that various did yield,
A Rose and a Thistle did grow.

On a sunshiny day, the Rose chanc'd to say,
"Friend Thistle, I'll be with you plain,
And if you would be but united to me,
You would ne'er be a Thistle again."

Says the Thistle, "My spears shield mortals from fears,
While thou dost unguarded remain ;
And I do suppose, though I were a Rose,
I'd wish to turn Thistle again."

"O my friend," says the Rose, "you falsely suppose,
Bear witness, ye flowers of the plain !
You would take so much pleasure in beauty's vast treasure,
You would ne'er be a Thistle again.

The Thistle at length, preferring the Rose
To all the gay flowers of the plain,
Throws off all her points, herself she anoints,
And now are united the twain.

But one cold stormy day, while helpless she lay,
 Nor longer could sorrow refrain,
 She fetched a deep groan, with many a Ohon!
 "O, were I a Thistle again!"

THE WEE WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE

1714

WHA the deil hae we got for a king,
 But a wee wee German lairdie!
 An' when we gaed tae bring him hame,
 He was delving in his kail-yardie:¹
 Sheughing kail, and laying leeks,
 Without the hose and but the breeks;²
 And up his beggar duds³ he cleeks,⁴
 The wee wee German lairdie.

And he's clappit down in our guid man's chair,
 The wee wee German lairdie!
 And he's brought forth o' foreign trash,
 And dibbled them in his yardie.
 He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,
 And brake the harp o' Irish clowns,
 But our Scots thistle will jag his thumbs,
 The wee wee German lairdie.

Come up amang the Highland hills,
 Thou wee wee German lairdie,
 And see how Charlie's lang kail thrive
 That he dibbled in his yardie:

¹ cabbage-garden.

² breeches.

³ clothes.

⁴ picks up.

And if a stock ye daur to pu',
 Or haud the yoking o' a pleugh,
 We'll break your sceptre o'er your mou',
 Thou wee bit German lairdie !

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
 Nae fitting for a yardie ;
 And our norlan' thistles winna pu'
 For a wee bit German lairdie !
 And we've the trenching blades o' wier,
 Wad glib ye o' your German gear,
 And pass ye 'neath the claymore's sheer,
 Thou feckless German lairdie !

Contemporary Poem.

DERWENTWATER'S FAREWELL

1715

FAREWELL to pleasant Dilston Hall,
 My father's ancient seat ;
 A stranger now must call thee his,
 Which gars my heart to greet ;
 Farewell each kindly well-known face,
 My heart has held so dear :
 My tenants now must leave their lands,
 Or hold their lives in fear.

No more along the banks of Tyne
 I'll rove in autumn grey ;
 No more I'll hear, at early dawn,
 The lavrocks wake the day.

Then fare thee well, brave Witherington,
And Forster ever true,
Dear Shaftsbury and Errington,
Receive my last adieu.

And fare thee well, George Collingwood,
Since fate has put us down;
If thou and I have lost our lives,
The king has lost his crown.
Farewell, farewell, my lady dear,
Ill, ill thou counsell'dst me:
I never more may see the babe
That smiles upon thy knee.

And fare thee well, my bonny grey steed,
That carried me aye so free;
I wish I had been asleep in my bed
The last time I mounted thee.
The warning bell now bids me cease;
My trouble's nearly o'er;
Yon sun that rises from the sea
Shall rise on me no more.

Albeit that here in London town,
It is my fate to die,
O carry me to Northumberland,
In my father's grave to lie;
There chant my holy requiem
In Hexham's holy towers,
And let six maids of fair Tynedale
Scatter my grave with flowers.

And when the head that wears the crown
 Shall be laid low like mine,
 Some honest hearts may then lament
 For Radcliffe's fallen line.
 Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall,
 My father's ancient seat ;
 A stranger now must call thee his,
 Which gars my heart to greet.

Contemporary Poem.

A SOUTH-SEA BALLAD ; OR, MERRY REMARKS UPON EXCHANGE ALLEY BUBBLES

1720

IN London stands a famous pile,
 And near that pile an alley,
 Where merry crowds for riches toil,
 And Wisdom stoops to Folly.
 Here sad and joyful, high and low,
 Court Fortune for her graces,
 And as she smiles or frowns, they show
 Their gestures and grimaces.

Here stars and garters do appear
 Among our lords the rabble ;
 To buy and sell, to see and hear,
 The Jews and Gentiles squabble.
 Here crafty courtiers are too wise
 For those who trust to Fortune ;
 They see the cheat with clearer eyes,
 Who peep behind the curtain.

Longheads may thrive by sober rules,
 Because they think, and drink not;
 But headlongs are our thriving fools,
 Who only drink and think not.
 The lucky rogues, like spaniel dogs,
 Leap into South-Sea water,
 And there they fish for golden frogs,
 Not caring what comes a'ter.

'Tis said that alchemists of old
 Could turn a brazen kettle
 Or leaden cistern into gold,—
 That noble, tempting metal.
 But if it here may be allow'd
 To bring in great and small things,
 Our cunning South Sea, like a god,
 Turns nothing into all things!

What need have we of Indian wealth,
 Or commerce with our neighbours?
 Our constitution is in health,
 And riches crown our labours.
 Our South-Sea ships have golden shrouds,
 They bring us wealth, 'tis granted,
 But lodge their treasure in the clouds,
 To hide it till it's wanted.

Oh! Britain, bless thy present state,
 Thou only happy nation;
 So oddly rich, so madly great
 Since bubbles came in fashion!

Successful rakes exert their pride,
And count their airy millions,
While homely drabs in coaches ride,
Brought up to Town on pillions.

Few men, who follow reason's rules,
Grow fat with South-Sea diet ;
Young rattles and unthinking fools
Are those that flourish by it.
Old rusty jades, and pushing blades,
Who've least consideration,
Grow rich apace ; whilst wiser heads
Are struck with admiration.

A race of men, who t'other day
Lay crush'd beneath disasters,
Are now by stock brought into play,
And made our lords and masters.
But should our South-Sea Babel fall,
What numbers would be frowning !
The losers, then, must ease their gall
By hanging or by drowning.

Five hundred millions, notes and bonds,
Our stocks are worth in value ;
But neither lie in goods nor lands,
Or money, let me tell you.
Yet though our foreign trade is lost,
Of mighty wealth we vapour ;
When all the riches that we boast
Consists in scraps of paper !

(Contemporary Ballad.)

THE VICAR OF BRAY

C. 1720

IN good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous High-Churchman was I,
And so I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never miss'd
That kings are by God appointed;
And lost are those that dare resist
Or touch the Lord's anointed.

And this is the law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir :
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James possess'd the crown,
And Popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration.
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution ;
And I had been a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.

And this is the law, etc.

When William was our King declar'd
To ease the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steer'd
And swore to him allegiance.

Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance ;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.

And this is the law, etc.

When royal Anne became our Queen,
The Church of England's glory,
And the face of things was seen,
Then I became a Tory,
Occasional conformists base,
I blam'd their moderation ;
And thought the Church in danger was
By such prevarication.

And this is the law, etc.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, sir,
My principles I chang'd once more,
And so became a Whig, sir.
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's defender ;
And almost every day abjur'd
The Pope and the Pretender.

And this is the law, etc.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover
And Protestant succession,
To them I do allegiance swear—
While they can hold possession ;

For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.

And this is the law, etc.

Old Ballad.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST

1739

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode ;
There while Vernon sat all glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat :
And his crews with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet.

On a sudden shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard,
Then each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appeared,
All in dreamy hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their watery grave.

O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the *Burford*¹ reared her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

“Heed, oh heed our fatal story ;
I am Hosier's injured ghost—
You, who now have purchased glory
At this place where I was lost !
Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph, free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

“See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping ;
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold :
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

“I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spaniard town affright ;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight.
Oh ! that in the rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obeyed my heart's warm motion
To have quelled the pride of Spain !

¹ Admiral Vernon's ship.

“For resistance I could fear none,
 But with twenty ships had done
 What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
 Hast achieved with six alone.
 Then the bastimentos never
 Had our foul dishonour seen,
 Nor the sea the sad receiver
 Of this gallant train had been.

“Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
 And her galleons leading home,
 Though condemned for disobeying,
 I had met a traitor’s doom,
 To have fallen, my country crying—
 ‘He has played an English part,’
 Had been better far than dying
 Of a grieved and broken heart.

“Unrepining at thy glory
 Thy successful arms we hail;
 But remember our sad story
 And let Hosier’s wrongs prevail.
 Sent in this foul clime to languish,
 Think what thousands fell in vain,
 Wasted with disease and anguish,
 Nor in glorious battle slain.

“Hence with all my train attending,
 From their oozy tombs below,
 Through the hoary foam ascending,
 Here I feed my constant woe:

Here the bastimentos viewing,
 We recall our shameful doom,
 And our plaintive cries renewing,
 Wander through the midnight gloom.

“O’er these waves, for ever mourning,
 Shall we roam, deprived of rest,
 If to Britain’s shores returning
 You neglect my just request ;
 After this proud foe subduing,
 When your patriot friends you see,
 Think on vengeance for my ruin,
 And for England shamed in me.”

RICHARD GLOVER.

JOHNNIE COPE

1745

SIR JOHN COPE trode the north right far,
 Yet ne’er a rebel he cam naur,
 Until he landed at Dunbar,
 Right early in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet ?
 Or are ye sleeping, I would wit ?
 O haste ye, get up, for the drums do beat :
 O fye, Cope, rise in the morning.

He wrote a challenge from Dunbar,
"Come fight me, Charlie, an' ye daur;
If it be not by the chance of war,
I'll give you a merry morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

When Charlie looked the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
"So heaven restore to me my own,
I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Cope swore with many a bloody word
That he would fight them gun and sword,
But he fled from his nest like a weel-scared bird
And Johnnie he took wing in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

It was upon an afternoon,
Sir John marched into Preston town,
He says, "My lads, come lean you down,
And we'll fight the boys in the morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

But when he saw the Highland lads
Wi' tartan trews and white cockades,
Wi' swords and guns, and rungs and gauds,
O Johnnie he took wing in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

On the morrow when he did rise,
He looked between him and the skies :
He saw them wi' their naked thighs,
Which feared him in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

O then he fled into Dunbar,
Crying for a man of war ;
He thought to have passed for a rustic tar,
And gotten awa' in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Sir John then into Berwick rade,
Just as the deil had been his guide ;
Gi'en him the world, he wadna staid
T' have foughten the boys in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Said the Berwickers unto Sir John,
" O, what's become of all your men ? "
" In faith," says he, " I dinna ken ;
I left them a' this morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Says Lord Mark Car, " Ye are na blate
To bring us the news o' your ain defeat,
I think you deserve the back o' the gate :
Get out o' my sight this morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Contemporary Ballad.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

1745

'Twas on a Monday morning,
 Right early in the year,
 When Charlie came to our town,
 The young Chevalier.

Oh, Charlie is my darling,
 My darling, my darling,
 Oh, Charlie is my darling,
 The young Chevalier.

As he came marching up the street,
 The pipes play'd loud and clear,
 And a' the folk came running out
 To meet the Chevalier.

Oh, Charlie is my darling, etc.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
 And claymores bright and clear,
 They came to fight for Scotland's right,
 And the young Chevalier.

Oh, Charlie is my darling, etc.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
 Their wives and bairnies dear,
 To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
 The young Chevalier.

Oh, Charlie is my darling, etc.

Oh, there were mony beating hearts,
 And mony a hope and fear,
 And mony were the prayers put up
 For the young Chevalier.
 Oh, Charlie is my darling, etc.

Old Song.

O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE

1745

COME boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
 Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
 I'll gie John Ross anither bawbee
 To ferry me o'er to Charlie.

We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
 Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,
 And live or die wi' Charlie.

It's weel I lo'e my Charlie's name,
 Though some there be abhor him;
 But O to see Auld Nick gaun hame,
 And Charlie's faes before him!

We'll o'er the water, etc.

I swear by moon and stars sae bright,
 And sun that glances early,
 If I had twenty thousand lives,
 I'd gie them a' for Charlie.

We'll o'er the water, etc.

I ance had sons, but now hae nane,
I bred them toiling sairly ;
And I wad bear them a' again,
And lose them a' for Charlie.
We'll o'er the water, etc.

Old Song.

DRUMMOSSIE MUIR¹

1746

WERE ye at Drum Mossie Muir,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ?
Saw ye the Duke the clans o'erpower,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie ?
My heart bleeds, as well it may,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie :
Lang may Scotland rue the day,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Many a lord of high degree,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Shall never more his mountains see,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
Many a chief of birth and fame,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Is hunted down like savage game,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

¹ Culloden.

Few, but brave, the clansmen were,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
 But heavenly mercy was not there,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
 Posterity will ne'er us blame,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 But brand with blood the Brunswick name,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Can it prove for Scotland's good,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Thus to drench our glens with blood,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie ?
 Duke William named on yonder muir,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Will fire our blood for evermore,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

JAMES HOGG.

THE SCOTCH EXILE'S LAMENT

1745

THE sun rises bright in France,
 And fair sets he ;
 But he has tint ¹ the blink he had
 In my ain countrie.

¹ lost.

It's nae my ain ruin
 That wets aye my e'e,
 But the dear Marie I left ahin',
 Wi' sweet bairnies three.

Fu' bienly lowed my ain hearth,
 And smiled my ain Marie!
 O I've left a' my heart behind,
 In my ain countrie!

O, I'm leal to high heaven,
 Which aye was leal to me;
 And it's there I'll meet you a' soon
 Frae my ain countrie.

Old Song.

GOD BLESS THE KING

1745

GOD bless the King—I mean the faith's defender!
 God bless (no harm in blessing!) the Pretender!
 But who Pretender is, or who is King—
 God bless us all!—that's quite another thing.

JOHN BYROM.

HEARTS OF OAK

1759

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
 To add something new to this wonderful year;

To honour we call you, not press you like slaves—
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Hearts of oak are our ships,
Jolly tars are our men;
We always are ready;
Steady, boys, steady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
And if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Hearts of oak are our ships,
Jolly tars are our men;
We always are ready;
Steady, boys, steady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We'll still make them fear, and we'll still make them flee,
And drub 'em on shore as we've drubb'd 'em at sea;
Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our King.

Hearts of oak are our ships,
Jolly tars are our men;
We always are ready;
Steady, boys, steady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

DAVID GARRICK.

LORD CHATHAM'S PROPHECY

1776

[“Those men who foresaw the result of the American War looked forward with apprehension to a period when liberty and civilisation would fly from the shores of Britain to establish themselves in greater glory in the New World. The following poem, placed in the mouth of Chatham embodies these ideas.”—*Wright's Caricature History of the Georges*, p. 333.]

WHEN boasting Gage was hurried o'er
To dye his sword in British gore,
And plead the senate's right,
E'en Chatham with indignant smile
Harangued in this prophetic style,
Illumed by freedom's light!

“Your plumèd corps though Percy cheers,
And far-famed British grenadiers,
Renowned for martial skill;
Yet Albion's heroes bite the plain,
Her chiefs round gallant Howe are lain,
And fallow Bunker's Hill.

“Some tuneful bard, who pants for fame,
Shall consecrate one deathless name,
And future ages tell,—
For Spartan valour here renown'd,
Where laurels shade the sacred ground,
Heroic Warren fell!

“Erewhile a Howe indignant rose,
Against his country’s, freedom’s foes;
Those glorious days are past.
A coward’s orders to perform,
Lo, yon Sea-Alva rides the storm,
And drives the furious blast.

“Though darkness all the horizon shroud,
And from the east yon thunder-cloud
Menace destruction round;
Yet Franklin, versed in Nature’s laws,
From her the direful lightning draws,
And brings it to the ground.

“Around him Sydneys, Hampdens throng;
His ardent philosophic tongue
Can Roman zeal inspire;
The Amphyctyon council, hand in hand,
Like the immortal Theban band,
Catch its electric fire.

“Can fleets or troops such spirits tame,
Although they view their cities flame,
And desolate their coast?
’Midst distant wilds they’ll find a home,
Far as the untamed Indians roam,
And *freedom’s luxury*¹ boast.

¹ An allusion to the words of the *Address of the Twelve United Provinces to the Inhabitants of Great Britain*: “We can retire beyond the reach of your navy, and without any sensible diminution of the necessities of life, enjoy a luxury, which from that period you will want—the luxury of being free.”

“Midst the snowstorm yon hero shines
 Pierces your barrier, breaks your lines,
 With splendour marks his days;
 He falls, the soldier, patriot, sage!
 His name illumines th’ historic page
 Crown’d with immortal praise

“No more will kings court Britain’s smiles,
 No longer dread this Queen of Isles,
 No more her virtues charm;
 See her pursue th’ ignoble strife
 By the dire Indian’s scalping knife
 And by the bravo’s arm.

“Vain France, and Spain’s vindictive power,
 Exulting, wait th’ auspicious hour,
 To spread war’s dire alarms,—
 No more our fleets triumphant ride,
 This isle of bliss with all her pride,
 May feel the Bourbon arms.

“America with just disdain
 Will break degenerate Britain’s chain,
 And gloriously aspire;
 I see new Lockes and Camdens rise,
 Whilst other Newtons read the skies
 And Miltons wake the lyre.

“Behold her blazing flag unfurl’d
 To awe and rule the western world,
 And teach presumptuous kings,

Though lull'd by servile flattery's dream
The people are alone supreme,
From whom dominion springs!

“Heaven's choicest gifts enrich her plain,
The red'ning orange, swelling grain,
Her genial suns refine;
For her the silken insects toil,
The olive teems with floods of oil,
And glows the purple vine!

“Her prowess Albion's empire shakes;
Her cataracts, her ocean'd lakes,
Display great Nature's hand;
And Europe sees with dread surprise,
Ethereal tow'ring spirits rise
To rule the wondrous land!

“Bold Emulation stands confest;
Through the firm chief's and yeoman's breast
The heroic passion runs;
Imperial spirits claim their place!
No venal honours lift the base,
When Nature ranks her sons!

“Lo, Britain's ancient genius flies
Where commerce, arts and science rise,
And war's dire horrors cease;

Exulting millions crowd her plains,
Escaped from Europe's galling chains
To liberty and peace ! ”

Contemporary Ballad.

CHARACTER OF CHATHAM

1778

IN him, Demosthenes was heard again,
Liberty taught him her Athenian strain ;
She clothed him with authority and awe,
Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.
His speech, his form, his action, full of grace,
And all his country beaming in his face,
He stood as some inimitable hand
Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.
No sycophant or slave that dared oppose
Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose,
And every venal stickler for the yoke
Felt himself crushed at the first word he spoke.

Such men are raised to station and command
When Providence means mercy to a land.
He speaks, and they appear ; to him they owe
Skill to direct, and strength to strike the blow,
To manage with address, to seize with power
The crisis of a dark decisive hour.

WILLIAM COWPER.

CHARACTER OF BURKE

1774

HERE lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it, too much ;
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind ;
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote ;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining,
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit,
For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge disobedient
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE DUNGANNON CONVENTION

1782

THE church of Dungannon is full to the door,
And sabre and spur clash at times on the floor,
While helmet and shako are ranged all along,
Yet no book of devotion is seen in the throng.
In the front of the altar no minister stands,
But the crimson-clad chief of these warrior bands ;

And though solemn the looks and the voices around,
You'd listen in vain for a litany's sound.
Say! what do they hear in the temple of prayer?
Oh! why in the fold has the lion his lair?

Sad, wounded and wan was the face of our isle,
By English oppression, and falsehood and guile;
Yet when to invade it a foreign fleet steered,
To guard it for England the North volunteered.
From the citizen-soldiers the foe fled aghast—
Still they stood to their guns when the danger was past,
For the voice of America came o'er the wave,
Crying: Woe to the tyrant and hope to the slave!
Indignation and shame through their regiments speed:
They have arms in their hands and what more do they
 need?

O'er the green hills of Ulster their banners are spread,
The cities of Leinster resound to their tread,
The valleys of Munster with ardour are stirred,
And the plains of wild Connaught their bugles have heard;
A Protestant front rank and Catholic rear,
For—forbidden the arms of freemen to bear—
Yet foeman and friend are full sure if need be,
The slave for his country will stand by the free.
By green flags supported the orange flags wave,
And the soldier half turns to unfetter the slave!

More honoured that church of Dungannon is now,
Than when at the altar communicants bow;
More welcome to heaven than anthem or prayer,
Are the rites and the thoughts of the warriors there;

In the name of all Ireland the delegates swore :
 “ We’ve suffered too long, and we’ll suffer no more.
 Unconquered by force, we were vanquished by fraud ;
 And now, in God’s temple, we vow unto God,
 That never again shall the Englishman bind
 His chains on our limbs, or his laws on our mind.”

The church of Dungannon is empty once more—
 No plumes on the altar, no clash on the floor,
 But the councils of England are fluttered to see,
 In the cause of their country, the Irish agree ;
 So they give as a boon what they dare not withhold,
 And Ireland, a nation, leaps up as of old,
 With a name, and a trade, and a flag of her own,
 And an army to fight for the people and throne.
 But woe worth the day if to falsehood or fears
 She surrenders the guns of her brave Volunteers !

THOMAS DAVIS.

ON THE RESTORATION OF THE FORFEITED ESTATES

1784

As o’er the Highland hills I hied,
 The Camerons in array I spied,
 Lochiel’s proud standard waving wide,
 In all its ancient glory.
 The martial pipe loud pierced the sky,
 The song arose, resounding high
 Their valour, faith, and loyalty,
 That shine in Scottish story.

No more the trumpet calls to arms,
 Awaking battle's fierce alarms,
 But every hero's bosom warms
 With songs of exultation ;
 While brave Lochiel at length regains,
 Through toils of war, his native plains,
 And, won by glorious wounds, attains
 His high paternal station.

Let now the voice of joy prevail,
 And echo wide from hill to vale ;
 Ye warlike clans arise and hail
 Your laurelled chiefs returning,
 O'er every mountain, every isle,
 Let peace in all her lustre smile,
 And discord ne'er her day defile
 With sullen shades of mourning.

Macleod, Macdonald, join the strain ;
 Macpherson, Fraser, and Maclean ;
 Through all your bounds let gladness reign,
 Both prince and patriot praising ;
 Whose generous bounty richly pours
 The streams of plenty round your shores,
 To Scotia's hills their pride restores,
 Her faded honours raising.

Let all the joyous banquet share,
 Nor e'er let Gothic grandeur dare,
 With scowling brow to overbear,
 A vassal's rights invading.

Let freedom's conscious sons disdain
 To crowd his fawning, timid train,
 Nor even own his haughty reign,
 Their dignity degrading.

Ye northern chiefs, whose rage, unbroke,
 Has still repelled the tyrant's shock ;
 Who ne'er have bowed beneath her yoke
 With servile, base prostration ;
 Let each now train his trusty band
 'Gainst foreign foes alone to stand,
 With undivided heart and hand,
 For freedom, king, and nation.

FRENCH REVOLUTION AS IT APPEARED TO ENTHUSIASTS AT ITS COMMENCEMENT

1789

OH, pleasant exercise of hope and joy !
 For mighty were the auxiliars, which then stood
 Upon our side, we who were strong in love !
 Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
 But to be young was very heaven ! Oh ! times
 In which the meagre, stale, forbidden ways
 Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
 The attraction of a country in Romance !
 When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights
 When most intent on making of herself
 A prime enchantress—to assist the work

Which then was going forward in her name !
Not favoured spots alone, but the whole earth,
The beauty wore of promise—that which sets
(As at some moment might not be unfelt
Among the bowers of Paradise itself)
The budding rose above the rose full blown.
What temper at the prospect did not wake
To happiness unthought of? The inert
Were roused, and lively natures rapt away !
They who had fed their childhood upon dreams,
The playfellows of fancy, who had made
All powers of swiftness, subtilty and strength
Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had stirred
Among the grandest objects of the sense,
And dealt with whatsoever they found there
As if they had within some lurking right
To wield it; they, too, who of gentle mood
Had watched all gentle motions, and to these
Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild,
And in the region of their peaceful selves ;—
Now was it that both found, the Meek and Lofty
Did both find helpers to their heart's desire,
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish ;
Were called upon to exercise their skill,
Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where !
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us,—the place where in the end
We find our happiness, or not at all !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

FRANCE: AN ODE

1797

YE Clouds! that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may control!
Ye ocean-waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye Woods! that listen to the night-birds singing
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches swinging,
Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
Inspired beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound!
O ye loud Waves! and O ye forests high!
And O ye Clouds that far above me soared!
Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing sky!
Yea, everything that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,
And with that oath, which smote air, earth, and sea,
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared!
With what a joy my lofty gratulation

Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band :
 And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,
 Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
 The Monarchs marched in evil day,
 And Britain joined the dire array ;
 Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
 Though many friendships, many youthful loves,
 Had swoll'n the patriot emotion,
 And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves ;
 Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
 To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
 And shame too long delayed and vain retreat !
 For ne'er, O Liberty ! with partial aim
 I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy flame ;
 But blessed the pæans of delivered France,
 And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

“ And what,” I said, “ though Blasphemy's loud scream
 With that sweet music of deliverance strove !
 Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
 A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream !
 Ye storms that round the dawning east assembled,
 The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light ! ”
 And when, to soothe my soul that hoped and trembled,
 The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm and bright ;
 When France her front deep-scarred and gory
 Concealed with clustering wreaths of glory ;
 When insupportably advancing,
 Her arm made mockery of the warrior's tramp ;
 While timid looks of fury glancing,
 Domestic treason, crushed beneath her fatal stamp,
 Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore ;

Then I reproached my fears that would not flee ;
“ And soon,” I said, “ shall Wisdom teach her lore
In the low huts of them that toil and groan !
And, conquering by her happiness alone,
Shall France compel the nations to be free,
Till Love and Joy look round and call the Earth their own.”

Forgive me, Freedom ! O forgive those dreams !
I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
From bleak Helvetia’s icy cavern sent—
I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams !
Heroes, that for your peaceful country perished,
And ye, that fleeing, spot your mountain-snows
With bleeding wounds ; forgive me, that I cherished
One thought that ever blessed your cruel foes !
To scatter rage, and traitorous guilt,
Where Peace her jealous home had built ;
A patriot-race to disinherit
Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear ;
And with inexpiable spirit
To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer—
O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,
And patriot only in pernicious toils,
Are these thy boasts, Champion of humankind ?
To mix with Kings in the low lust of sway,
Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey ;
To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
From freemen torn ; to tempt and to betray ?

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion ! In mad game
They burst their manacles and wear the name

Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain!
 O Liberty! with profitless endeavour
 Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;
 But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever
 Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
 Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee
 (Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee),
 Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
 And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves
 Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
 The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves.
 And there I felt thee!—on that sea-cliff's verge,
 Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,
 Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
 Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
 And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
 Possessing all things with intensest love,
 O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

1801

I

OF Nelson and the North,
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone;

By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

II

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime ;
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

III

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
“Hearts of oak !” our captain cried ; when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—

Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

V

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave :
“Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :—
So peace instead of death let us bring ;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.”

VI

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

VII

Now joy, Old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light ;

And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore !

VIII

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died ;—
 With the gallant good Riou :
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave !
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

SEPTEMBER 1802

1802

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood ;
 And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,
 The coast of France, the coast of France, how near !
 Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood.
 I shrunk, for verily the barrier flood
 Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
 A span of waters ; yet what power is there !
 What mightiness for evil and for good !
 Even so doth God protect us if we be

Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters roll,
Strength to the brave and Power and Deity,
Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
Spake laws to *them* and said that, by the soul
Only, the nations shall be great and free.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO THE MEN OF KENT, OCTOBER 1803

1803

VANGUARD of Liberty, ye Men of Kent,
Ye children of a soil that doth advance
Her haughty brow against the coast of France,
Now is the time to prove your hardiment!
To France be words of invitation sent!
They from their fields can see the countenance
Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,
And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.
Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore
Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath;
Confirmed the charters that were yours before;—
No parleying now! In Britain is one breath;
We all are with you now from shore to shore:—
Ye Men of Kent, 'tis Victory or Death!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE ARRIVAL OF NELSON'S CORPSE

1805

AH, hark! the signals round the coast
 Proclaim the great event
 That gave all hearts to grieve and boast,
 To joy and to lament:
 Great Nelson's corse arrives in sight,
 Victorious e'en in death!
 Who, living, did his country right
 Who, dying, gave her breath.

For did not Fame the tidings tell
 That laid him on his bier,
 The foe, whom nothing could repel
 Had ventured to come here:
 But now may peace, that balm devout
 Be laid to ev'ry breast;
 His mighty deeds have fear and doubt
 For ever set at rest!

C. DIBDIN.

TO THOMAS CLARKSON, ON THE FINAL
 PASSING OF THE BILL FOR THE ABOLI-
 TION OF THE SLAVE TRADE, MARCH
 1807

1807

CLARKSON! it was an obstinate hill to climb:
 How toilsome—nay, how dire it was, by Thee
 Is known—by none, perhaps, so feelingly;
 But Thou, who starting in thy fervent prime,

Didst first lead forth this pilgrimage sublime,
 Hast heard the constant voice its charge repeat
 Which, out of thy young heart's oracular seat,
 First roused thee. O true yoke-fellow of Time
 Duty's intrepid liegeman, see, the palm
 Is won, and by all nations shall be worn!
 The bloody writing is for ever torn,
 And thou henceforth shall have a good man's calm,
 A great man's happiness; thy zeal shall find
 Repose at length, firm Friend of humankind!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LINES

(On the Death of Fox)

1806

Loud is the Vale! the Voice is up
 With which she speaks when storms are gone;
 A mighty unison of streams!
 Of all her voices, One!

Loud is the Vale; this inland depth
 In peace is roaring like the sea;
 Yon star upon the mountain-top
 Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain deprest,
 Importunate and heavy load!
 The Comforter hath found me here,
 Upon this lonely road;

And many thousands now are sad—
Wait the fulfilment of their fear;
For he must die who is their stay,
Their glory disappear.

A power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature's dark abyss;
But when the mighty pass away
What is it more than this,

That man, who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return?
Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

1809

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him,
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him!

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone in his glory.

C. WOLFE.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE
SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND

Two voices are there ; one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains ; each a mighty voice :
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen Music, Liberty !
There came a Tyrant and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against Him ; but hast vainly striven :
Thou from the Alpine holds at length are driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left ;
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
That mountain floods should thunder as before,
And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by thee !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WATERLOO

1815

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,

And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfin'd;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound, the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who would guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come!
They come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and
low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
 Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier hearts than mine;
 Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
 Partly because they blend me with his line,
 And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
 And partly that bright names will hallow song;
 And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd
 The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along,
 Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,
 They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant
 Howard!

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
 And mine were nothing, had I such to give;
 But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
 Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
 And saw around me the wide field revive
 With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
 Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
 With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
 I turn'd from all she brought to those she could not bring.

LORD BYRON.

(*Childe Harold*, Canto iii., Stanzas 21-30.)

DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE

1817

HARK! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
A long, low distant murmur of dread sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and immedicable wound;
Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground,
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief
Seems royal still, though with her head discrown'd,
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.
Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
Death hush'd that pang for ever: with thee fled
The present happiness and promised joy
Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd to cloy.
Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,
O thou that wert so happy, so adored!
Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard
Her many griefs for ONE; for she had pour'd
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed!
The husband of a year! the father of the dead!

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made ;
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes ; in the dust
The fair-hair'd Daughter of the Isles is laid,
The love of millions ! How did we entrust
Futurity to her ! and, though it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
Our children should obey her child, and bless'd
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem'd
Like stars to shepherd's eyes ;—'twas but a meteor beam'd

Woe unto us, not her ; for she sleeps well ;
The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue
Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,
Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung
Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstrung
Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange fate
Which tumble mightiest sovereigns, and hath flung
Against their blind omnipotence a weight
Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon or late,—

These might have been her destiny ; but no,
Our hearts deny it ; and so young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe ;
But now a bride and mother—and now *there* !
How many ties did that stern moment tear !
From thy Sire's to his humblest subject's breast
Is linked the electric chain of that despair
Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and opprest
The land which loved thee so, that none could love thee
best.

LORD BYRON.
(*Childe Harold*, Canto iv., Stanzas 167-172.)

ENGLAND IN 1819

1819

AN old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king,—
 Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who flow
 Through public scorn,—mud from a muddy spring,—
 Rulers, who neither see, nor feel, nor know,
 But leech-like to their fainting country cling,
 Till they drop, blind in blood, without a blow,—
 A people starved and stabbed in the untilled field,—
 An army, which liberticide and prey
 Makes as a two-edged sword to all who wield
 Golden and sanguine laws which tempt and slay;
 Religion Christless, Godless—a book sealed;
 A Senate—Time's worst statute unrepealed,—
 Are graves from which a glorious Phantom may
 Burst, to illumine our tempestuous day.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

EXHORTATION TO MRS FRY

1821

OH Mrs Fry! Why go to Newgate? Why
 Preach to poor rogues? And wherefore not begin
 With Carlton, or with other houses? Try
 Your hand at harden'd and imperial sin.
 To mend the people's an absurdity,
 A jargon, a mere philanthropic din,
 Unless you make their betters better:—Fy!
 I thought you had more religion, Mrs Fry.

Teach them the decencies of good three-score ;
 Cure them of tours, hussar and highland dresses ;
 Tell them that youth once gone returns no more,
 That hired huzzas redeem no land's distresses ;
 Tell them Sir William Curtis is a bore,
 Too dull even for the dullest of excesses,
 The witless Falstaff of a hoary Hal
 A fool whose bells have ceased to ring at all.

Tell them, though it may be perhaps too late
 On life's worn confine, jaded, bloated, sated
 To set up vain pretences of being great,
 'Tis not so to be good ; and be it stated
 The worthiest kings have ever loved least state ;
 And tell them—But you won't—and I have prated
 Just now enough ; but by and by I'll prattle
 Like Roland's horn in Roncesvalle's battle.

LORD BYRON.

(*Don Juan*, Canto x., Stanzas 85-87.)

SONG

(*From Corn Law Rhymes*)

1831

CHILD, is thy father dead ?
 Father is gone !
 Why did they tax his bread ?
 God's will be done !

Mother has sold her bed;
Better to die than wed!
Where shall she lay her head?
Home we have none!

Father clammed thrice a week
God's will be done!
Long for work did he seek,
Work he found none.
Tears on his hollow cheek
Told what no tongue could speak:
Why did his master break?
God's will be done!

Doctor said air was best—
Food we had none;
Father, with panting breast,
Groaned to be gone:
Now he is with the blest—
Mother says death is best!
We have no place of rest—
Yes, ye have one!

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

THE PRESS

*(Written for the Printers of Sheffield, on the passing of the
Reform Bill)*

1832

GOD said—"Let there be light!"
 Grim darkness felt His might
 And fled away;
 Then startled seas and mountains cold
 Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
 And cried—" 'Tis day! 'Tis day!"
 "Hail, holy light!" exclaimed
 The thund'rous cloud that flamed
 O'er daisies white;
 And lo! the rose in crimson drest
 Lean'd sweetly on the lily's breast;
 And, blushing, murmured—"Light!"
 Then was the skylark born;
 Then rose th' embattled corn;
 Then floods of praise
 Flowed o'er the sunny hills of noon;
 And then, in stillest night, the moon
 Pour'd forth her pensive rays.
 Lo, heaven's bright bow is glad!
 Lo, trees and flowers all clad
 In glory, bloom!
 And shall the mortal sons of God
 Be senseless as the trodden clod,
 And darker than the tomb?

No, by the mind of man !

By the swart artisan !

By God, our Sire !

Our souls have holy light within,

And every form of grief and sin

Shall see and feel its fire.

By earth and hell and heaven

The shroud of souls is riven !

Mind, mind alone

Is light, and hope, and life, and power !

Earth's deepest night, from this bless'd hour,

The night of minds is gone !

"The Press !" all lands shall sing ;

The Press, the Press, we bring

All lands to bless :

O pallid Want ! O Labour stark !

Behold we bring the second ark !

The Press ! the Press ! the Press !

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FIRST PARLIAMENT

1837

HARK ! an upward shout is sent,

In grave strong joy from tower to steeple

The bells ring out,

The trumpets sound, the people shout,

The young queen goes to her parliament ;

She turneth round her large blue eyes

More bright with childish memories

Than royal hopes, upon the people;
 On either side she bows her head
 Lowly, with a queenly grace,
 And smile most trusting innocent,
 As if she smiled upon her mother;
 The thousands press before each other
 To bless her to her face;
 And booms the deep, majestic voice
 Through trump and drum,—“ May the Queen rejoice
 In the people’s liberties ! ”

E. B. BROWNING.

THE MEN OF 'FORTY-EIGHT

1848

THEY rose in Freedom’s rare sunrise,
 Like giants roused from wine;
 And in their hearts and in their eyes
 The God leaped up divine !
 Their souls flashed out, naked as swords
 Unsheathed for fiery fate !
 Strength went like battle with their words—
 The men of 'Forty-eight.

Hurrah !

For the men of 'Forty-eight.

The kings have got their crown again,
 And blood-red revel cup;
 They’ve bound the Titan down again,
 And heaped his grave-mound up !

But still he lives, though buried 'neath
The mountain,—lies in wait,
Heart-stifled heaves and tries to breathe
The breath of 'Forty-eight.

Hurrah !

For the men of 'Forty-eight.

Dark days have fallen, yet in the strife
We bate no hope sublime,
And bravely works the exultant life,
Their hearts pulsed through the time :
As grass is greenest trodden down,
Their suffering makes men great,
And this dark tide shall richly crown
The work of 'Forty-eight.

Hurrah !

For the men of 'Forty-eight.

Some on a bloody burial sleep,
Like Greeks to glory gone,
But in their steps avengers leap
With their proof-armour on :
And hearts beat high with dauntless trust
To triumph soon or late,
Though they be mouldering down in dust—
The men of 'Forty-eight !

Hurrah !

For the men of 'Forty-eight.

O when the world wakes up to worst
The Tyrants once again,
And Freedom's summons-shout shall burst,
Rare music ! on the brain—

Old True-hearts still, in many a land,
Ye'll find them all elate—

Brave remnant of that Spartan band,
The men of 'Forty-eight.

Hurrah!

For the men of 'Forty-eight.

GERALD MASSEY.

WELLINGTON AND NELSON

1852

[Wellington is buried near Nelson in the crypt of St Paul's. The poet here announces to Nelson the coming of his countryman.]

Who is he that cometh, like an honoured guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?

Mighty seaman, this is he

Was great by land as thou by sea.

Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,

The greatest sailor since our world began.

Now, to the roll of muffled drums,

To thee the greatest soldier comes;

For this is he

Was great by land as thou by sea;

His foes were thine; he kept us free;

O give him welcome, this is he

Worthy of our gorgeous rites,

And worthy to be laid by thee;

For this is England's greatest son,

He that gained a hundred fights,

Nor ever lost an English gun ;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clashed with his fiery few and won ;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his laboured rampart lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
Followed up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roar of cannon and dash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheeled on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings ;
Till one that sought but duty's iron crown
On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down ;
A day of onsets of despair !
Dashed on every rocky square
Their surging charges foamed themselves away ;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;

Through the long-tormented air
Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!
Mighty seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!
And through the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

1854

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death,
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Someone had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death;
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;

Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back through the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

LORD TENNYSON.

TO QUEEN VICTORIA

REVERED, beloved—O you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth
Could give the warrior kings of old,

Victoria,—since your royal grace
To one of less desert allows
This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that uttered nothing base ;

And should your greatness, and the care
That yokes with empire, yield you time
To make demand of modern rhyme
If aught of ancient worth be there ;

Then—while a sweeter music wakes,
And through wild March the throstle calls,
Where all about your palace walls
The sunlit almond blossom shakes—

Take, Madam, this poor book of song ;
For though the faults were thick as dust
In vacant chambers I could trust
Your kindness. May you rule us long,

And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day !
May children of our children say,
“She wrought her people lasting good ;

“Her court was pure ; her life serene ;
God gave her peace ; her land reposed ;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen ;

“And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

“By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will
And compassed by the inviolate sea.”

ALFRED TENNYSON.

NOTES

Page 1. **Boadicea**.—Queen of the Iceni, a tribe of Britons in the S.E. of the island at the time of the occupation of Britain by the Romans. She had revolted against Roman rule by asserting her right to her husband's throne at his death, and had been enslaved with her daughters, and cruelly scourged by the Romans. Having escaped, she led an army victoriously as far as Camulodunum (Colchester), which she stormed and sacked. Here she was met by the Roman general Suetonius, who destroyed her army without mercy. Boadicea poisoned herself to avoid falling again into the hands of the Romans.

Country's gods Druids.—The religion of the Britons included the worship of many gods. Rivers, groves, and fountains had special divinities supposed to reside in them.

Eagles never flew.—The eagle figured on the Roman standard, borne in battle over all the then known world.

The Gaul.—Gaul (France) was conquered by Rome just before the conquest of Britain. The poet uses the word to typify the barbarian forces, which finally overthrew and destroyed the Roman Empire.

[See also Tennyson's "Boadicea."]

Page 3. **Morte D'Arthur**.—Death of Arthur. Arthur, a hero of romance, who, according to a poet of the ninth century (Nennius), was King of Britain during the latter part of the fifth century, and fought against the heathen Saxons, defeating them in twelve pitched battles. From the time of the earliest poets and historians, Geoffrey of Monmouth in 1135, Robert Wace, 1155, and Sir Thomas Malory in the fifteenth century, down to the present time, the legends connected with Arthur's name and fame have been accepted as subjects for poets and painters. Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte D'Arthur" was one of the first books printed by Caxton. Spenser, in his "Faery Queene," takes Arthur as his type of noble deeds, and Tennyson wrote his "Idylls of the King" from Arthurian legends. Whether Arthur really reigned a king over Britain, or only over Strathclyde, or on the Cornish Coast, or on the Welsh Coast, all of which claim him, is not known, but the fact remains that the legends associated with his name have left their mark on European literature for all time. The "Morte D'Arthur" of Tennyson is

now included in his "Idylls of the King," though it was written between twenty and thirty years earlier. It describes the "Passing" or death of Arthur, as foretold from his birth, to the fairy island valley of Avilion (Avalon).

Harness.—Body armour.

Greaves and cuisses.—Armour for the legs and thighs.

Round Table.—The Order of Knighthood instituted by Arthur.

Avalon.—The island valley to which King Arthur was taken by the Three Queens. This legend first appears in Layamon's "Brut" (A.D. 1205).

Page 6. **The Discoverer of the North Cape.**—This poem, from verse five to verse eighteen, is a paraphrase of a passage in the "Universal History of Orosius," which was translated by Alfred the Great. It is not contained in the original work, but was added by the King from the narration of a sea captain called Othere, whom he sent to explore the coast of Norway.

Skeringes-hale.—Skeringssaler, in Norway.

Sagas.—Old Norse and Icelandic stories.

The North Cape.—A promontory on the island of Mägero, in Norway, considered the most northerly point in Europe.

Page 11. **The Battle of Brunanburh.**—This poem is a free translation of an entry in the old English Chronicle for 937, describing the victory gained by Athelstan, grandson of Alfred the Great, over the combined forces of the Northmen, Scots, and Welsh. The site of Brunanburh is not known.

The offspring of Edward.—Athelstan and his brother were the sons of Edward the Elder.

The phalanx.—The wall made of shields placed closely together.

Anlaf (Olaf).—The leader of the Northmen who had settled in Ireland.

Constantine.—The leader of the Scots.

Page 15. **The Battle of Maldon.**—This is a translation of parts of an old English poem, which describes a battle fought in the reign of Æthelred the Unready between the English and the Danes. The English were led by the brave Alderman Byrhtnoth, the Danes by Olaf Trygvason. Byrhtnoth was killed and the Danes were left in possession of the field. The poem, which is unfinished, is very valuable as illustrating the ill effects of Æthelred's custom of buying off the foe, and as showing the devotion of the English thanes to their leader. Maldon is in Essex. The River Panta is now called the Blackwater.

Page 19. **The Onset of Taillefer.**—This poem is a translation of a passage in the “*Roman de Rou*” of Robert Wace, a rhymed history of the Dukes of Normandy, written about 1160. The earlier parts of the chronicle are not very trustworthy, but as Wace reached later times he was able to obtain many particulars from people who had been present at the events he describes, or who had known others who had been present. His description of the Battle of Hastings bears so much likelihood of truth that many historians have based on it their own accounts of the event.

Taillefer.—A Norman minstrel who accompanied William I. to England.

Of Roland and of Charlemagne, Of Oliver.—This is an allusion to the story of Charlemagne, around whom so many legends grew up. Charlemagne ruled over France from 768 to 814, and fought many battles against the Saracens, who had conquered Spain, and were now attempting the conquest of France. Roland, his nephew, after accompanying Charlemagne to Spain, was left behind to guard the rear of the army as it crossed the Pyrenees. But he was overtaken in the Pass of Roncesvalles, and he and all his men were slain. Oliver was his great friend.

Page 22. **The Norman baron.**—This poem was suggested to Longfellow by an unknown correspondent, who had taken the subject from a passage in ‘Thierry’s account of the Conquest of England.

Doomsday-book.—Drawn up under William the Conqueror, giving a return of all the property held in England.

Saxon gleemen.—Minstrels who wandered over the country singing and reciting in the halls of the wealthy nobles for a livelihood.

Sang to slaves.—Under the feudal system instituted by William the Saxons became the serfs and vassals of their Norman masters.

Page 25. **Walter Tyrrel and William Rufus.**—This is taken from Walter Savage Landor’s “*Acts and Scenes*,” poems written in a dramatic form, but never acted. They are akin in idea to the famous “*Imaginary Conversations*” of the same author. This poem is woven round the incident of William II.’s death in the New Forest, but there is no historical ground for believing that the king was murdered by Tyrrel.

Page 29. **Gilbert Becket and the Fair Saracen.**—This poem is based on the well-known legend of Thomas à Becket’s father and mother.

The crescent floated o’er the cross.—The standard of the Turks was a crescent moon.

Muezzin.—The Mohammedan official attached to a mosque, whose duty it is to announce the hours of prayer.

Page 36. **A Ballad of King Richard I.**—This is a translation of an old French poem said to have been composed by Richard I. during his imprisonment by the Emperor Henry VI. The original poem is contained in "*Chrestomathie du Moyen Age*" (Paris and Langtois).

The Gallic chief.—Philip II., of France, took advantage of Richard's imprisonment to invade Normandy.

Chail and Pensalvin.—Cayeux and Perche. Ansel de Cayeux was one of Richard I.'s followers in the Third Crusade.

Anjou and Touraine.—Richard I. had inherited these provinces.

Page 38. **Prince Arthur and Hubert.**—From Shakespeare's historical play of "*King John*." The scene is founded on the incident of the imprisonment of Prince Arthur, the young Duke of Bretagne, son of Geoffrey, John's elder brother, and therefore heir to the throne before John.

This scene between the young prince and his attendants in the prison is laid at a castle in Northampton, though probably Arthur was confined at Falaise and at Rouen, where he was put to death. Historical plays are not always literally correct as to facts and dates.

Page 43. **Ballad on the death of Simon de Montford.**—This ballad is by a French poet, who most likely was one of De Montford's followers, as he seems to regard the earl as a martyr.

Simon de Montford was the patriotic leader in the Barons' wars against the weak and arbitrary government of Henry III. and his favourites, and was slain at the battle of Evesham. J. R. Green says of him: "Everywhere the Earl's death was looked upon as a martyrdom, and monk and friar united in praying for the souls of the men who fell at Evesham as for soldiers of Christ."

Page 46. **The Bard.**—This beautiful Ode by Gray is founded on the tradition of the murder of the Bards of Wales, by order of Edward I., when he completed the conquest of that country.

The Bards were the national poets of Wales, and their patriotic songs inflamed the Welsh desire for freedom.

Hauberk.—Armour made of steel rings interwoven, that sat close to the body.

Gloster and Mortimer.—Lord Marchers of the borders of Wales.

High-born Hoel, son of Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, and a poet.

Llewellyn.—Prince of Wales.

Cadwallo, Urien, and Modred.—Bards.

Arvon.—Carnarvonshire, opposite Anglesey.

A grisly band.—An allusion to a Norse myth of the eleventh century, put in a poem by Gray, called "The Fatal Sisters."

Berkeley's roof.—Berkeley Castle, where Edward II. was murdered.

She-wolf of France.—Isabel, queen of Edward II.

Scourge of heaven.—Edward III., who ravaged France.

Funeral couch.—Edward III. died, abandoned in his last moments by his children and courtiers.

Sable warrior.—Edward the Black Prince, who died before his father.

Pleasure at the helm.—An allusion to the magnificence of Richard II.'s reign.

Thirst and famine.—Richard the Second is said to have been starved to death.

Battle bray.—Wars of York and Lancaster.

Towers of Julius.—The Tower of London, the oldest parts of which are said to have been built by Julius Cæsar.

Consort.—Margaret of Anjou.

Meek usurper.—Henry VI.

Boar.—The badge of Richard III.

Arthur.—The mythical hero of Wales.

Form divine.—Queen Elizabeth.

Taliesin.—A famous Welsh bard of the sixth century.

Truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.—An allusion to Spenser.

In buskined measures . . . breast.—An allusion to Shakespeare.

A voice . . . bear.—An allusion to Milton.

Page 51. Gude Wallace.—There are several versions of this ballad, some of them giving Lochmaben as the scene where the incidents occurred. In this version the scene is laid at St Johnstoun's, or Perth. After the execution of Wallace in 1305, many legends grew up around him, and ballads telling of his prowess and great deeds were very popular. This ballad refers to the time of his outlawry, after the Battle of Falkirk, when a price was set upon his head by the English Government.

The dialect words occurring in this poem are explained in footnotes.

Page 56. Scots wha' hæ wi' Wallace Bled.—This poem, by Robert Burns, is supposed to be addressed by Bruce to his troops before the Battle of Bannockburn, in 1314. Bannockburn is in Stirlingshire, and a huge block of granite is still shown as marking the place where Bruce's standard was set up.

Page 57. On the Death of King Edward the First.—These verses, which are modernised from a contemporary English poem, appear to have been composed soon after the death of the king, who had vowed an expedition to the Holy Land. Failing that, he had left a large sum to maintain a body of knights, who at his death were to carry his heart with them into Palestine. This was never done, and the poet attributes the failure to the advice of the King of France, whose daughter, Isabel, the young king had married.

Edward of Carnarvon.—Edward II., so called because he was born at Carnarvon—the first Prince of Wales.

Page 59. Gaveston Receives the News of the Death of Edward I.—This is the opening scene of Marlowe's play on Edward II.:—"The troublesome Reign and lamentable Death of Edward II." Piers Gaveston, the boon companion of the prince, had been banished by Edward I., but on his father's death Edward II. immediately recalled him, and loaded him with honours.

Leander.—A Greek youth who was in the habit of swimming the Hellespont every night to visit a lady named Hero, and who was drowned one night in the attempt. Marlowe wrote a narrative poem, "Hero and Leander," on this subject.

Elysium.—According to Greek and Latin poets, Elysium was the dwelling-place of the souls of good men after death.

Tanti.—An exclamation, meaning "so much for that," "very well."

Italian masks.—A form of entertainment consisting of music and dancing, in which the actors were disguised by masks.

Dian and Actæon.—An allusion to the Greek legend of Actæon, who was changed into a stag for having seen Diana bathing.

Page 62. The Last Hours of Edward II.—These stanzas are taken from "Mortimeriades, or The Barons' Wars," by Michael Drayton (1563-1631). Of the subject the author says: "It was worthy to have found a more worthy pen than mine own. For the Barons' Wars were surely, as well for their length in continuance as for their manifold bloodshed and multitude of horrid accidents, fit matter for trumpet and tragedy." Of the verse into which he cast his lengthy poem, he says: "This of eight lines both holds the tune clear through, and closeth not but with a full satisfaction to the ear for so long detention."

Lancaster.—Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, cousin of Edward II., who led the barons against the king. In 1322 Edward defeated Lancaster at Boroughbridge, and then had him tried and beheaded at Pontefract.

Page 64. Character of a Knight.—This passage is taken from "The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales," in which Chaucer (1340?-1400) describes the various pilgrims who met together at the Tabard Inn, Southwark, and accompanied each other on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St Thomas à Becket at Canterbury.

Tramassene.—A kingdom in Turkey.

Palatye.—In Anatolia (Turkey).

No manner wight.—No kind of person whatever.

See also footnotes.

Page 65. Character of a Monk.—Also from Chaucer's "Prologue." **Jingling.**—It was the custom for fashionable riders to hang bells on the bridles of their horses.

Steep.—Bright.

Page 66. John of Gaunt consoles Bolingbroke for His Exile.—This scene is taken from Act I. of Shakespeare's "Tragedy of King Richard II.," the materials of which were drawn from the chronicles of Holinshed. Henry Bolingbroke, son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, Richard II.'s uncle, had accused Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, of treachery. Norfolk denied this story, and Richard ordered the two to prove their truthfulness by a single combat at Coventry. When the pair met in the lists in full armour, Richard stopped the fight, and banished Norfolk for life and Hereford for ten years.

Aumerle.—The son of the Duke of York, another uncle of Richard II.

Journeyman.—A man who was paid for his work by the day.

Page 68. Condition of the Peasantry in the Reign of Richard II.—This passage is taken from "The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman," once supposed to have been written by a priest in minor orders called William Langland, but now supposed to have been the work of several authors between 1360 and 1400. The "Vision" gives a most vivid picture of the corruptions and abuses that marred English life in the fourteenth century, and pleads with passionate earnestness the cause of the poor and downtrodden, of whom Piers the Plowman is a type. A crowd of people who have been converted by Reason set out in search of Truth; but no one can guide them until Piers puts forth his head and undertakes to lead them thither. One of the ways by which they may find him is by working hard, so Piers sets all the folk to work in the fields. Some are lazy, and refuse; so Piers calls Hunger to his help, and when the idlers feel his hand they set to work hard enough.

Then Hunger refuses to go away till he himself has dined, and the lines given here are the answer which Piers makes to this request.

Lammas-tide.—The feast of Lammas was on August 1st.

Page 69. **The Battle of Otterburn.**—This ballad celebrates the battle fought at Otterburn in 1388 between the Scots under Earl Douglas and the English under the famous “Hotspur,” Lord Henry Percy, son of the Duke of Northumberland. Douglas had raided the north of England as far as Newcastle and had then retreated; but Percy followed him thirty-two miles to Otterburn and surprised him by night. They fought by moonlight; Earl Douglas was slain, and Percy and his brother were taken prisoners. The Castle of Otterburn still remains, and the spot where the battle was fought is known as Battle Cross. This ballad is one of the many traditional poems about the border forays, and was probably composed in its earliest form soon after the battle. Chevy Chase refers to the same event, and is therefore not included in this collection.

Lammas-tide.—See above.

Bambroughshire.—Northumberland.

New Castel.—Newcastle.

Threw their pallions down.—Pitched their tents.

See also footnotes.

Page 76. **The Death of Richard II.**—From Sc. 5 Act V. of Shakespeare’s “Richard II.” Shakespeare, following Holinshed’s Chronicle, tells how the Duke of Lancaster, father of the exiled Bolingbroke, having died, the king took into his own hands all the rents and revenues of his estates and all his goods, and disinherited his son. Angry at this treatment, Bolingbroke returned to England by way of Ireland, and was met at Flint by the king, who promised redress. But Bolingbroke, finding Richard unpopular, won a party to his side, and compelled the king to resign in his favour. Richard was imprisoned at Pomfret, where he was said to have been murdered, but it is now considered that he may have wilfully starved himself, or pined away in prison from misery at his misfortunes.

Jade.—A term of contempt for an ill-treated horse.

Jauncing.—Working a horse wildly, in a harassing manner.

Page 78. **London Lackpenny.**—This ballad, by John Lydgate, who lived in the reign of Henry VI., is a curious record of the street cries and trades of London towards the close of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth centuries.

A great rout.—A great crowd.

Yodē tho.—Went then.

Meed.—Reward.

Flemings.—The Flemings had a great trade with England, especially in woollen goods, importing the raw wool and returning it as cloth. Chaucer's Merchant had a "Flanders beaver hat."

Some meed.—Ballad-mongers who sang songs for a reward.

Gear.—Apparel, clothing.

Taverner.—Inn-keeper.

I list deed.—I don't care to bestow my charity on you.

See also footnotes.

Page 83. **Henry IV.'s Advice to Prince Hal.**—From Shakespeare's "Henry IV.," Part I., Act IV. Sc. 3. This extract refers to the desire of Henry IV. to reclaim his son, the Prince of Wales, from the evil life into which he had been drawn. In this speech he contrasts his own behaviour as a young man with that of his disreputable son.

Thy younger brother.—John, Duke of Bedford.

Common hackneyed.—Made cheap, vulgarized.

Bavin.—Bavin was brushwood; light and combustible matter.

Enfeoff'd.—Made himself a vassal to popularity—toadied for the favour of the people.

Page 85. **The Battle of Agincourt.**—This fine ballad is by Michael Drayton (1563-1631), the author of "The Barons' Wars." He calls it an "Ode," and says: "Odes I have called these my few poems. An ode is known to have been properly a song, modelled to the ancient harp, and neither too short-breathed, as hasting to the end, nor composed of the longest verses, as unfit for the sudden turns and lofty tricks with which Apollo used to manage it."

The metre of this ballad is supposed to have influenced Tennyson in the composition of "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Exeter.—The Duke of Exeter, who was slain in the battle.

Erpingham.—Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Bilboes.—Swords, derived from Bilbao in Spain, which was famous for the manufacture of iron and steel.

Glo'ster.—Humphrey, Duke of Glo'ster, was the king's second brother. His indiscretions were the cause of much trouble during the minority of Henry VI.

Clarence.—The Duke of Clarence, the youngest brother of the king, who was killed at Beaugé, in 1421.

St Crispin's Day.—25th October.

Page 89. **Henry V.'s Speech before Agincourt.**—From Shakespeare's "Henry V.," Act IV. Sc. 3. In this scene Shakespeare shows

Henry surrounded by his nobles—the Dukes of Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Salisbury, and Westmoreland—encouraging his army on the morning of the battle.

Crispin and Crispinian.—Two martyrs, whose festivals were held on 25th October.

Shall gentle his condition.—He shall be allowed to assume a coat-of-arms, a privilege generally extended only to such as had a right to it by inheritance.

Page 91. Soliloquy of Henry VI. at the Battle of Towton.—From Shakespeare's play of "Henry VI.," Part III., Act II. Sc. 5. The three plays known as "Henry VI." are probably old chronicle plays worked over by Shakespeare when he first began to write for the stage. This passage, however, has all the appearance of being genuine. The scene of the soliloquy is the field of Towton, but, as a matter of fact, Henry was not present at the fight, but spent the time in York Minster, praying for the success of his arms. Towton was the most obstinately contested battle since Hastings, and lasted all day. Twenty thousand men on the Lancastrian side, and nearly as many Yorkists, were left dead on the field.

Clifford.—Lord Clifford was not really present at Towton, having been killed the day before at Ferrybridge.

Page 93. The Betrayal of Henry, Duke of Buckingham.—These verses are taken from "The Mirror of Magistrates," by Thomas Sackville (1536-1608), afterwards Earl of Dorset, and part author of "Ferrex and Porrex," the first English tragedy. According to the plan of the poem, the author, like Ulysses, Æneas, and Dante, descends into the region of the shades, and meets there the spirits of those who have passed away. Among them is that of Henry, Duke of Buckingham, who, in the reign of Richard III., plotted to depose that king and put the Duke of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., on the throne. He relates to the poet the story of his misfortunes, and it is from this part of the poem that the extract is taken.

The forest Dene.—The forest of Dean, in Gloucestershire.

Swound.—Faint.

See also footnotes.

Page 96. The Murder of the Princes in the Tower.—From Shakespeare's "Richard III.," Act IV. Sc. 3. In this scene Sir James Tyrrel relates how he has been compelled by Richard III. to have the two princes murdered by hired villains. The king comes in, thanks him, and promises a reward; but while they are talking, Catesby enters

with the news of Henry Tudor's approach. The incident is based on the details collected by Sir Thomas More, and given by him in his "History of Richard III."

The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them.—This also is based on More's "History of Richard III." In the reign of Charles II. two boyish skeletons were found at the foot of a staircase in the White Tower, and buried in Westminster Abbey as those of Edward V. and his brother. On this point Dr Gairdner says: "Although it would be too much to say that the two bodies discovered in the Tower in the days of Charles II. were unquestionably those of the two princes, there certainly is a strong probability in favour of their genuineness, not only from the apparent age of the skeletons, but also from the position in which they were found" (Art., Edward V., "Dict. of Nat. Biog.").

The son of Clarence.—Edward, Earl of Warwick, who was afterwards imprisoned by Henry VII. in the Tower, and was executed for his supposed participation in a plot with Perkin Warbeck, who was also confined there.

Anne, my wife.—The daughter of Warwick, the king-maker.

The Bretagne Richmond.—Henry VII. had retired to Brittany, where he collected forces for the invasion of England.

Elizabeth.—The daughter of Edward IV., afterwards wife of Henry VII.

Morton.—Bishop of Ely, who had been arrested for his support of Edward V., and had been placed in Buckingham's custody. It was through him that Buckingham was brought into communication with the Duke of Richmond. On the accession of Henry VII. he became one of his chief advisers, and as Sir Thomas More served as a boy in the household of Morton, he doubtless obtained many of the details for his "History of Richard III." from him.

Ely, i.e. Morton.

Jove's Mercury.—Jove's messenger. In ancient mythology Mercury was the messenger of the gods.

Page 99. Bosworth Field.—From "Richard III.," Act V. Sc. 4.—In this scene the Battle of Bosworth is nearly over, and Richard's most trusted friends, including Stanley, have gone over to the enemy. The crown which Richard was wearing is said to have fallen into a hawthorn bush, whence it was plucked by Stanley, who crowned the Duke of Richmond with it.

Page 101. Henry VII. and Perkin Warbeck.—A scene from the

historical play "Perkin Warbeck," written by John Ford (1586-1639), one of the last of the Elizabethan dramatists. In this play Perkin Warbeck is represented as the dupe of others; firmly believing in his claim to the throne he goes to execution with courage and dignity.

Bewley.—The Abbey of Beaulieu, in Hampshire.

The Duke of Bretagne.—The Duke of Brittany.

At Milford Haven.—Where Henry VII., as Duke of Richmond, had landed.

Your aunt of Burgundy.—Margaret, sister of Edward IV., had married the Duke of Burgundy and gave substantial help to both Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck. Henry VII. here calls her Perkin's aunt in satire, as if he were assuming for the moment that the pretender was really Richard of York, the brother of Edward V.

The Mayor of Cork.—Perkin Warbeck landed in Cork in 1491, and his cause was at once taken up by the citizens, among whom was John à Water, Mayor of Cork.

Let them be conveyed to London.—Perkin Warbeck was not put to death on his arrest, but was imprisoned for a year in the Tower of London, where he formed a plot with the Earl of Warwick, John à Water, and others, to seize the Tower. The plot was discovered, and in November 1499 Perkin and John à Water were taken to Tyburn and hanged.

Our childhood's dreadful nursery.—Warbeck is assuming that he is the younger of the two Princes who were confined by Richard III. in the Tower.

Page 105. **The Scotch Camp at Flodden.**—From Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion," Canto iv. Marmion had been sent on a mission from Henry VIII. to the Court of James IV., but the mission having failed, England declared war, and a great victory was gained by the Earl of Surrey at Flodden, where James IV. and the flower of his nobility were slain.

Blackford.—A hill near Edinburgh.

Pavilions.—Tents.

Borough-moor.—South of Edinburgh, once a forest.

Lodon.—Lothian.

Redswire edge.—In the Cheviot Hills.

Borthwick's Sisters Seven.—The guns of Borthwick, the master of the Scotch artillery.

Culverins.—Cannon.

Pensil.—A small streamer attached to a staff.

Bandrol.—Streamer, little flag.

The ruddy lion.—The arms of Scotland—a red ramping lion on a yellow ground.

Page 108. The Disgrace of Wolsey.—This passage is taken from Act I. II. Sc. 2 of the play of "Henry VIII.," which is generally supposed to be the joint-work of Shakespeare and Fletcher. From internal evidence this scene is ascribed to Fletcher. In it, Wolsey, who has been overtaken by illness on his way to answer the charge of high treason against him, is visited by his servant Thomas Cromwell, who brings him the latest news from court.

Like Lucifer.—An allusion to the legend of Lucifer, who was said to have been cast down from heaven for aspiring to make himself equal with God.

The Lady Anne.—Anne Boleyn. It was the desire of Henry VIII. to marry Anne Boleyn that indirectly led to Wolsey's downfall, since it was his failure to carry through the divorce of Katharine of Aragon that incensed the king with him.

Page 112. Katharine of Aragon hears the News of Wolsey's Death.—This scene is also taken from "Henry VIII.," but, unlike the preceding one, it is supposed to be Shakespeare's work. It shows Katharine of Aragon, Henry's divorced wife, listening to the account of Wolsey's disgrace and illness. Griffith, her gentleman usher, narrates the circumstances; Katharine gives her opinion of Wolsey's character, to which Griffith adds his more charitable estimate, so that, between the two, Shakespeare conveys a full picture of the merits and demerits of the great cardinal.

Of an unbounded stomach.—Of unlimited haughtiness and pride.

I' the presence.—The presence of the king.

Tied all the kingdom.—"Tied" is probably for tithed—taxed.

Simony.—Unlawful buying and selling of Church living.

Ipswich and Oxford.—Wolsey had founded two colleges, one at Ipswich and the other at Oxford. On his fall, the king threatened to dissolve both; but though the Ipswich College was entirely suppressed, the buildings at Oxford were so far advanced that it would have cost more to alter than to suppress them, and so Christ Church has survived. The cloisters which Wolsey designed are still unfinished.

Page 115. In Praise of Queen Elizabeth.—From Henry VIII., Act V. Sc. 4. In this closing scene the baptism of Queen Elizabeth is introduced to give the dramatist an opportunity for a compliment to the great queen, who, when the play was written, was only recently dead.

The maiden phoenix.—An allusion to the myth of the phoenix. It

was a marvellous bird; only one was in existence at a time, and when it died another arose from its ashes.

To one . . . fix'd.—James I.

Page 117. Raleigh brings Spenser to the Court of Queen Elizabeth.—This passage is taken from Spenser's poem called "Colin Clout's come Home again." The poet relates how he was visited in Ireland by Sir Walter Raleigh, who induced him to return with him to England on a visit, and to publish there the first three books of "The Faerie Queene." Spenser recounts how Raleigh introduced him to the queen, and describes some of the chief persons at Elizabeth's court.

Cynthia.—Another name for Diana, the virgin goddess, and applied to Elizabeth because she was unmarried.

Circlet of a turtle.—The band of iridescent feathers round the neck of a dove.

Phœbus.—The sun.

Page 118. Lady Jane's Lament.—The ballad is put into the mouth of Lady Jane Grey, the granddaughter of Henry VII.'s daughter Mary, who, on the death of Edward VI., was proclaimed queen by her father-in-law, the Duke of Northumberland.

My husband.—Lady Jane had married Guildford Dudley, a son of the Duke of Northumberland.

Page 119. The Rising in the North.—This is one of many ballads called forth by the Northern Rebellion in 1569, in favour of Mary Queen of Scots, in the reign of Elizabeth. The leaders were the Catholic Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and the object of the rebellion was to restore Mary to liberty, so that she might marry the Duke of Norfolk, in defiance of Elizabeth. They carried into battle a banner bearing a cross, and marched towards York, but they were met by the Earl of Sussex, and forced to retreat to Hexham, where they disbanded. Westmoreland escaped to the Low Countries, but Northumberland, who had fled to Scotland, was betrayed by the Earl of Mar, and executed in August 1572.

Earl Percy.—The Earl of Northumberland. He was suspected of treason, and was therefore summoned suddenly to court, but he excused himself from attendance. His wife is here represented as begging him to obey the summons.

Borrow.—Pledge, surety.

Maister Norton.—Richard Norton was Sheriff of Yorkshire, but on the breaking out of the rebellion he joined the insurgents. He had nine sons, and, according to the legend, the eight youngest all followed

him to war ; Francis, the eldest, after having vainly attempted to dissuade his father from the attempt, also accompanied him, but without bearing arms. The fate of the Nortons is the subject of Wordsworth's poem, "The White Doe of Rylstone."

Christopher Norton.—Richard Norton's seventh son. He was executed at Tyburn in 1570.

The Dun Bull.—The arms of the Earls of Westmoreland were two bulls.

Ancient.—Ensign.

The Half Moon.—A silver crescent was the badge of the Northumberland family.

Sir George Bowes held Barnard Castle for the queen ; he was besieged there by the rebels, and forced to surrender, but marched out with all the honours of war.

Thee Norton . . . youth.—Norton was not executed. He escaped to the Continent, and died, probably in Flanders, in 1588. Of his sons, only Christopher actually suffered death for his part in the conspiracy.

Page 125. **Sir Humphrey Gilbert.**—Sir Humphrey Gilbert (1539-1583), was a half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, and a famous Elizabethan navigator. On August 5, 1583 he took possession, in the name of the queen, of the harbour of St John's, in Newfoundland. On the way home with his two remaining vessels, the *Golden Hind* and the *Squirrel*, he preferred to sail by the latter, a little craft of only ten tons. The *Squirrel* went down with all hands, and Gilbert was drowned.

Corsair.—A pirate.

Campobello.—An island in the Bay of Fundy, New Brunswick, Canada.

He sat . . . land.—This verse is a paraphrase of a famous passage in "Hakluyt's Voyages" : "The Generall sitting abaft with a booke in his hand, cried out unto us in the Hind (so oft as we did approch within hearing) We are as neere to heaven by sea as by land" (Hakluyt, iii. 159).

Page 127. **The Death of Mary Stuart.**—This passage is taken, by kind permission, from Mr Swinburne's tragedy of "Mary Stuart," one of a trilogy of plays having the Queen of Scots as heroine. The names of the other two are "Chastelard" and "Bothwell." This scene describes her execution at Fotheringay Castle.

That heretic priest.—This was Dr Richard Fletcher, afterwards Bishop of London, and father of John Fletcher, the dramatist.

Page 132. **The Armada.**—The poem, from which these verses are

taken, is contained in Mr Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" (Third Series).

Eastward ever and eastward.—The course of the Spanish ships as they came from Spain was eastward along the English Channel; the English commanders, who were waiting at Plymouth, waited till the Spanish ships had passed them, and then pursued them, raining shot into their hulls.

Southward to Calais.—The Armada entered the roadstead of Calais for shelter; but the English Admiral, Howard, sent fire-ships among them, so that, in a panic, they cut their cables and made off in confusion.

England's Drake.—Sir Francis Drake chased the remaining Spanish ships as far as Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Page 133. **The Armada.**—An account by Lord Macaulay of the way in which the arrival of the Armada in the Channel was received by the English, and of how the news was spread in days when telegraphic and telephonic communication was unknown.

The richest spoils of Mexico.—The wealth of Spain was largely derived from mines in Mexico.

Aurigny's Isle.—Aurigny is the French name for Alderney, in the Channel Islands.

Edgecumbe.—A hill near Plymouth Sound.

Look how the Lion . . . lilies down.—In Elizabeth's reign the English lion was quartered on the royal standard with the lilies of France, thus keeping up the fiction that England had a claim to the French throne (through Isabella, wife of Edward II.).

Picard field.—Creçy in Picardy, where the blind King of Bohemia fought on the French side.

Genoa's bow.—A reference to the Genoese archers, hired by the French king to serve at Creçy.

Cæsar's eagle shield.—The eagle, the standard of the Roman emperors, was adopted by the heads of the "Holy Roman Empire," who, on their election, were styled Emperors.

Semper eadem.—The motto of Queen Elizabeth.

St Michael's Mount.—An island off Land's End.

Longleat.—In Wiltshire, now the seat of the Marquis of Bath.

Beaulieu.—In the New Forest.

Rangers.—Keepers of the forest.

Darwen.—The river Derwent, in Derbyshire.

Belvoir.—The seat of the Dukes of Rutland.

Gaunt's embattled pile.—Lancaster Castle.

Page 138. **The Death of Leicester.**—These stanzas are taken from the collection of poems known as “The Ruines of Time,” of which the first is called by this title. It is addressed to the Countess of Pembroke, niece of the Earl of Leicester and sister of Sir Philip Sidney, and is, in fact, an elegy on the members of that family lately deceased—Sidney in 1586, Leicester in 1588, and the Earl of Warwick in 1590. The verses quoted refer to the Earl of Leicester, the favourite of Elizabeth, whose secretary Spenser had been before he went to Ireland.

Fainèd.—Feignèd.

Page 139. **Essex at Cadiz.**—A characteristic poem of the time, setting forth the lately deceased hero's virtue and bravery in high-flown language. Essex was very popular, and had a large following among the party who were tired of Lord Burleigh's long and economical government, and wanted something more adventurous.

Cales.—Cadiz. In 1596 the young Earl of Essex, who was in high favour with the queen, together with Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Howard of Effingham, took and sacked Cadiz. The victory was marked by a moderation and clemency towards the vanquished which were rare in those days.

Page 141. **Verses made by the Earl of Essex in his Trouble.**—These verses are supposed to have been written by the Earl of Essex during his imprisonment for his rebellion in 1601. Essex wrote other verses of greater merit. See “The Golden Treasury,” Book I., No. 83.

Page 141. **On Elizabeth, Queen of England.**—These verses are interesting as showing the popular contemporary estimate of Elizabeth.

“**In whom her foes . . . maid.**—*Cf.* Elizabeth's speech when she reviewed her troops at Tilbury, before the arrival of the Spanish Armada: “I have the heart of a king, and a King of England too.”

Page 142. **To the Virginian Voyage.**—This is one of Drayton's “Odes” (see *ante*, p. 85), and was addressed to the expedition which set out to colonise Virginia in 1607.

Hinds.—Labourers.

Æolus.—The god of the winds.

Sassafras.—An aromatic plant, of the laurel family, used in medicine.

Kenning.—Sight, knowledge. The look-out tower on a warship is still called the conning or kenning tower.

Hakluyt.—Richard Hakluyt (1552?-1616), to whose industry we

owe the famous collection of voyages known as "The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffics, and Discoveries of the English Nation." Most of our knowledge concerning the Elizabethan explorers is derived from this book.

Page 145. The Old and Young Courtier.—This ballad was first printed in the reign of James I., and became as popular as the old favourite "Chevy Chase." Pepys writes in his "Diary," June 16th, 1668, "Come to Newbery, and there dined, and musick, a song of the 'Old Courtier of Queen Elizabeth' and how he was changed upon the coming in of the king, did please me mightily, and I did cause W. Hewer to write it out."

Shovel-board.—A board at which a game is played by shoving disks at a mark.

New titles of honour.—This is an allusion to James I.'s custom of raising money by the sale of titles.

Page 148. On Sir Walter Raleigh's Death.—These verses are a contemporary popular tribute to the character of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was executed in 1618 on an old charge of a conspiracy against James I. He met his death with heroic courage, and, feeling the edge of the axe, said, "This gives me no fear. It is a sharp and fair medicine to cure me of all my diseases."

Page 149. The Pilgrim Fathers.—This well-known poem by Mrs Hemans describes the landing of the "Pilgrim Fathers" in Massachusetts Bay in 1620. They were a hundred and two in number, seventy-four men and twenty-eight women.

New England.—States in the north-east of the United States, so named by Captain John Smith when he explored the region in 1614.

Page 151. Lament on the State of the English Church.—This passage is taken from Milton's "Lycidas," an elegy in memory of his friend Edward King, who was drowned in 1636. King was in Holy Orders, and Milton took advantage of this fact to introduce a criticism of the state of the English Church at the time. The poet represents the ocean nymphs and deities lamenting his dead friend, and then puts into the mouth of St Peter (the pilot of the Galilean lake) his own views on ecclesiastical matters.

Two massy keys.—Gold to open the gates of heaven; iron to shut the gates of hell.

Mitred locks.—Locks crowned by a mitre, the head-dress of a bishop, because St Peter was the first bishop of the Church.

Scrannel.—Thin.

The grim wolf.—The Church of Rome.

That two-handed engine.—This is supposed to refer to the two Houses of Parliament.

Page 152. **When the King enjoys his Own again.**—This famous ballad, composed in 1643, was set to fine music, and was very popular among the Royalists. It is to be found in a collection of songs published in 1671, under the title of "The Loyal Garland." The lines, "Full forty years this royal crown Hath been his father's and his own," fixes the date of composition as about 1643.

Whitehall.—The palace of Charles I., now used as Government offices.

Page 154. **Sir Nicholas at Marston Moor.**—This spirited ballad by William Mackworth Praed illustrates the sentiments which animated the Royalists.

Lucas.—The Duke of Newcastle, who, with Prince Rupert, was in command of the Royalist troops at Marston Moor.

Skippon and Pride.—Two of Cromwell's officers.

Fairfax.—Lord Fairfax, who commanded the right wing of the Parliamentary army at Marston Moor. Clarendon ("History of the Rebellion," vi. 260) accuses Fairfax of perfidy in agreeing to annul an agreement which had been made for the neutrality of the two parties in Yorkshire.

Bullies of the Rhine.—Hired mercenaries from Germany.

The German boar.—Rupert, so called because he was the son of the Elector Palatine, whose land bordered on the Rhine.

Belial.—The spirit of evil personified; a name applied by the Parliamentarians to the royalists.

Quantum suff.—Sufficient quantity.

Lenthall.—Lenthall was Speaker of the House of Commons in the Long Parliament.

Peters.—A Puritan preacher attached to the Parliamentary army. He was one of Cromwell's "Triers," and on the Restoration was executed as a traitor.

Crop-eared.—Because the Puritans wore their hair cropped closely round their ears.

Page 157. **The Battle of Naseby.**—In this rousing ballad Macaulay has adapted the imagery of the Bible, after the fashion of the Puritans, to rhetorical ends, in a most skilful and successful manner.

Oh, wherefore . . . tread.—This verse is a paraphrase of Isaiah lxiii. 1-3.

Man of Blood.—Charles I., so called by the Parliamentarians because they regarded him as responsible for the war.

For God! . . . Rhine!—Alternating battle-cries of the two opposed parties.

The furious German.—Prince Rupert.

Alsatia.—A sanctuary for debtors in Whitefriars, between Fleet Street and the river.

Temple Bar.—The gate which formerly stood at the beginning of Fleet Street and marked the entrance to the city. It was the custom to expose on it the heads of those who had been executed as traitors.

Lemans.—Sweethearts.

Your stage spades.—The Puritans considered acting, singing secular songs, and playing cards as sinful amusements.

Mammon.—Wealth supposed to have been accumulated by the Church.

The Jesuit.—The restoration by Archbishop Laud of various acts of ritual which had been discontinued at the Reformation gave rise to a widespread belief that he was in alliance with the Jesuits to restore Roman Catholicism.

She of the seven hills.—The Church of Rome, because Rome is built on seven hills.

Page 160. **The Battle of Philiphaugh.**—This poem, from Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," is one of the many Scots ballads having Montrose as hero. At Philiphaugh, near Selkirk, Montrose suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of the Covenanters under Sir David Leslie.

Shaw burn and Lingley burn are small streams that flow into the Ettrick.

An aged father.—Sir Walter Scott says he was one Brydone, ancestor of several families in the parish of Ettrick.

Page 163. **To the Lord General Cromwell.**—The title of this sonnet was added some time after it was written. It refers to the events of the year 1650-51, when Cromwell beat the Scots at Dunbar and the Royalists at Worcester.

Darwen stream.—This is an allusion to the victory gained in 1648 by Cromwell at Preston over the Scots, who had invaded England in the king's favour.

Hireling wolves.—Milton very much disapproved of Church govern-

ment by means of presbyters, and thought that each church should be free to manage its own affairs, as does the Congregational or Independent body. In another sonnet he says, "New Presbyterian is but Old Priest writ large."

Page 164. **An Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland.**—This poem by Andrew Marvell, who was Milton's colleague in the Latin secretaryship, was not published till 1776. It is called "An Horatian Ode" because the style is imitated from that of the Latin poet Horace, who wrote in the last century before Christ.

Cæsar's head.—The head of Charles I.

Hampton shows what part.—This is an allusion to the flight of Charles I. in 1647 from Hampton Court to Carisbrooke Castle, at which it was said that Cromwell, for his own ends, had connived.

Page 167. **The Sale of Rebellious Household Stuff.**—From Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." Percy's note is as follows: "This sarcastic exultation of triumphant loyalty is printed from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, corrected by two others, one of which is preserved in 'A Choice Collection of 120 loyal Songs,' 1684. It was sung to the tune of an old song called 'Old Simon the King.'"

Malmsey nose.—A nose red from drinking malmsey, a kind of sherry.

Presbyter's lungs.—The Presbyterians by their preaching encouraged the revolt against the king.

Beesom.—Broom. An allusion to the attempts of the Long Parliament to make a clean sweep of old abuses.

The roper's trade.—An allusion to execution by hanging.

Sequestration.—An allusion to the sequestration of livings by the Long Parliament.

Lambert's commissions.—Lambert was one of Cromwell's major-generals, and led the attack at Dunbar.

Peters.—See p. 271.

Old Noll's brewing vessels.—An allusion to Oliver Cromwell's ancestors, wrongly supposed to have been brewers.

Hewson's awl, etc.—Colonel Hewson, one of Cromwell's officers, who was said to have been a cobbler.

Page 169. **On the Late Massacre in Piedmont.**—The subject of this sonnet is the persecution by Emmanuel II. of Piedmont of his Protestant subjects. These people, known as Waldenses or Vaudois, had been more or less persecuted ever since the Reformation, but the

persecution of 1655 surpassed all those that had gone before. The Protestants were stripped of their possessions, exiled or slaughtered, many escaping to the mountains, to perish there of cold and hunger. Great indignation was felt in all Protestant countries, especially in England. Cromwell interposed; a remonstrance was sent by an ambassador, and the prince was forced to allow the Waldenses the peaceful exercise of their religion.

When . . . stones.—The sect of the Waldenses dates from the thirteenth century, when England was still a Roman Catholic country.

The triple tyrant.—The Pope, so called because of the triple crown worn by him.

The Babylonian woe.—The “Babylon” of the Apocalypse was supposed by the Puritans to signify the Roman Catholic Church.

Page 170. **Robert Blake.**—This poem celebrates the brave deeds of Robert Blake, who, after having served in the Parliamentary army, became admiral of the fleet, and distinguished himself by the victories he gained over the Dutch in the time of the Commonwealth.

That drumhead of Zitska's skin.—Zitska was the leader of the Hussites in the war of Bohemia for religious liberty, in the fifteenth century. It is said that he commanded that when he was dead his skin should be tanned and made into a drum to terrify his enemies.

Lyme.—In Dorsetshire. Blake held it against the Royalists in 1643-1644.

Taunton.—Held by Blake in 1644-1645.

With that last leap.—Blake died on board his flagship, the *George*, just as she neared Plymouth, on the way home.

Page 174. **From the Ode to the Royal Society.** These verses are from a poem by Abraham Cowley (1618-1667). The Royal Society was founded in 1660 by a number of learned men, who met first in 1645, at Gresham College, to discuss questions of philosophy; but in 1660 the Society was definitely constituted, and afterwards received letters patent from King Charles. In 1780 it removed to Somerset House, and in 1857 to Burlington House, Piccadilly, where it still meets.

Bacon, like Moses, led us forth.—In the preceding lines Cowley has referred to the long errors of the “deductive” method which dominated natural philosophy in the Middle Ages. Bacon's originality lay in insisting on the “inductive” method; he showed that reliable scientific knowledge could be gained only by the observation and comparison of a large number of phenomena, and pointed the way to modern scientific investigators.

Divided . . . happiness.—Cowley is thinking of the exalted position that Bacon held as Lord Chancellor, and of the humiliation that befell him when, in 1618, he was impeached, and deprived of all his offices.

Gideon's little band.—See Judg. vii. 2-6.

Chaldeans.—The Chaldæans were famous for their knowledge of astronomy.

Page 176. **The Fire of London.** These stanzas are taken from Dryden's "Annus Mirabilis" (The Year of Wonders), written to celebrate the events of the year 1666, when the Great Fire of London and the victories of Albemarle and Rupert over the Dutch occurred.

Letted.—Hindered.

The ghosts . . . descend.—London Bridge, where it was customary to expose the heads of those executed for high treason.

Page 178. **Royal Resolutions.** This satirical poem is supposed to have been written by Andrew Marvell, who was Member for Hull in the first Parliament of Charles II.

Fob.—Purse.

Long Parliament.—Alluding to the length of Charles's first Parliament.

Thy insolent brother.—James, Duke of York, afterwards James II.

Some one I'll advance.—An allusion to Danby, whose great-grandfather had been Lord Mayor of London.

Page 180. **Character of the Earl of Shaftesbury.** This passage is taken from Dryden's famous satire, "Absalom and Achitophel," written to inflame public opinion against the Earl of Shaftesbury, who was then in prison awaiting trial for high treason. Under the guise of an expansion of the biblical story, Dryden tells how Absalom (the Duke of Monmouth) was influenced by Achitophel (Shaftesbury) to oppose David (Charles II.), and the followers of Shaftesbury are described under scriptural names.

The pigmy body.—Shaftesbury was almost deformed, and suffered very bad health.

The triple bond he broke.—Shaftesbury was one of those who advised the Dutch War of 1672, by which the Triple Alliance between England, Sweden, and Holland was broken. The breach with Holland made it more difficult for England to withstand the intrigues of Louis XIV.

Abbethdin.—A judge; the president of the Jewish judicature.

Page 182. **Character of Buckingham.**—This passage is also taken from "Absalom and Achitophel." Dryden has been speaking of the

discontented "Israelites" whom Shaftesbury united against the Government, and adds that Zimri (George Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham) was one of the chief of them. As a young man Buckingham had served in the Royalist army, and had gone into exile with the Stuarts. When he returned at the Restoration he led an extremely dissipated life. He intrigued against Clarendon and was a member of the Cabal ministry; but afterwards, like Shaftesbury, went over to the opposition. He ran through a large fortune and died miserably in 1688. Dryden had a special grudge against Buckingham, who had ridiculed him in a witty play called "The Rehearsal."

Page 183. **The Death of Buckingham.**—This companion picture to the preceding is taken from the "Moral Essays" of Pope.

Cliefden.—Clieveden Woods, on the Thames.

Shrewsbury.—The Countess of Shrewsbury, with whom Buckingham was in love.

Page 184. **Epitaph on Charles II.**—This epitaph was written before the death of Charles, and has been ascribed to both the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Rochester, another dissipated court wit.

Our Sovereign lord, the king.—Another version is "our mutton-eating king."

Page 184. **What's the Rhyme to the Porringer?**—This is one of the many Jacobite rhymes on the Revolution of 1689.

King James the Seventh.—James II. of England was, of course, James VII. of Scotland.

Oranger.—The Jacobite nickname for William of Orange.

A hempen rein and a horse o' tree.—Rope and gallows.

A psalm-book and a presbyter.—Alluding to the prayers for a condemned man.

Page 185. **The Battle of Blenheim.**—This poem, one of the best by Southey, celebrates the victory of Marlborough over the French at Blenheim in 1704. Two children, playing on the site of the battle, find a skull belonging to one of the soldiers who fell there.

Eugene.—Prince Eugene of Savoy, who led the Austrian troops, which were fighting in alliance with the English.

What good came of it at last.—The war was undertaken to prevent the concentration of too much power in the House of Bourbon, and to prevent the accession to the throne of Spain of Louis XIV.'s great-grandson, Philip. But by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, Philip V. was recognised as King of Spain, and it seemed as if the results gained were

not sufficient to compensate England for her expenditure of men and money.

Page 188. **The Thistle and the Rose.**—Another Jacobite ballad. The Act of Union was at first very unpopular in Scotland, as it was supposed by the Scots to diminish their national importance.

Page 189. **The Wee Wee German Lairdie.**—This bitter little song was a great favourite all over Scotland. Its humour consists in its allusions to the homely life led by George I. as Elector of Hanover, a position which is compared to that of a small Scottish laird.

Sheughing.—Laying plants in a “sheugh” or furrow, to keep them from withering before they are planted out.

Our guid man.—James Stuart, the Old Pretender.

Trenching.—Cutting, sharp.

Gear.—Accoutrements.

Sheer.—Edge.

Glib.—Snatch away quickly.

Page 190. **Derwentwater's Farewell.**—This ballad was adapted by James Hogg from an older one contained in Cromek's “Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Songs.” James Radcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater, was among those English earls who rose in rebellion against George I. in 1715.

Dilston Hall.—In Northumberland. After the Earl's execution, his body was buried in the churchyard of St Giles, Holborn, but it was afterwards disinterred and secretly taken to the chapel at Dilston.

Gars.—Causes.

Greet.—Mourn.

Lavrocks.—Larks.

Witherington, Forster, Shaftesbury, and Errington.—Other gentlemen who took part in the rebellion.

George Collingwood.—Another gentleman of Northumberland who took part in this rebellion, was made prisoner at Preston, and executed at Liverpool.

Ill, ill thou counsell'dst me.—Lady Derwentwater is said to have advised her husband to take part in the rebellion.

Page 192. **A South Sea Ballad.**—This ballad is a satirical sketch of the excitement caused by speculation in the stock of the South Sea Company. The passion for speculation led to the formation of other companies for all kinds of ridiculous projects, and when the South Sea Company

prosecuted some of these, faith in its own stability was shaken. The price of securities rapidly fell, and thousands were ruined.

Famous pile.—The Old Royal Exchange, which was burned down in 1838.

Shrouds.—Sails.

While . . . pillions.—This refers to the large fortunes made rapidly by quite humble people. Poor women who had travelled to town in humble fashion, riding on a pillion behind their husbands, now drove in coaches.

Scraps of paper.—Share certificates.

Page 195. **The Vicar of Bray.**—This is a satire on the numerous religious renegades of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. The original Vicar is said to have been one Simon Alleyn, of Bray in Berkshire, who was a Romanist under Henry VIII., an Anglican under Edward VI., a Romanist under Mary, and an Anglican under Elizabeth. When he was reproached for this he said he was true to his principle, which was to live and die Vicar of Bray. His opinions are here transferred to later times.

Good King Charles.—Charles II.

Royal James.—James II.

Penal laws.—The laws against the Roman Catholics.

The Declaration.—The Declaration of Indulgence, *i.e.* for the suspension of the penal laws against Roman Catholics and other Dissenters, which James II. commanded should be read from the pulpit.

A Jesuit.—James II. was supposed to be under the influence of Jesuit priests.

Occasional conformists.—By the Test Act of 1673 all holders of office in Church or State were obliged to take the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. Dissenters who wanted to hold office got over this difficulty by taking the sacrament in this form once; they were therefore called "occasional conformists."

Page 197. **Admiral Hosier's Ghost.**—This ballad was written by Richard Glover, a Tory poet, to inflame public opinion against Walpole's Government. In 1726 Admiral Hosier had been sent with a strong fleet to Porto Bello, to frighten rather than to fight the Spaniards. Hosier was forced to remain so long inactive that the greater part of his men perished of disease, and he himself died of a broken heart. In 1739, in the course of the "War of Jenkins' Ear," which Walpole had vainly tried to prevent, Porto Bello was taken by Admiral Vernon, and Glover took advantage of this event to call attention to the wrongs that Hosier had suffered from the negligence of the Government.

Page 200. **Johnnie Cope.**—Sir John Cope was Commander-in-Chief of the Royal forces in Scotland in 1745. He was utterly defeated by the Young Pretender at Prestonpans, and was in so much haste to leave the field that he brought the news of his own defeat to Berwick.

Tartan trews.—Plaids of tartan.

White cockades.—The badges of the Pretender.

Rungs and gauds.—Staffs and spears.

Blate.—Bashful.

Page 203. **Charlie is my Darling.**—The words of this famous song are by Lady Nairne. There is another version by James Hogg. Both poems are based on a traditional song beginning with the first verse given here.

Chevalier.—The title by which Prince Charles was known in France.

Claymores.—Two-edged broadswords of the Highlanders.

Page 204. **O'er the Water to Charlie.**—Hogg, who printed this song in his "Jacobite Relics" (1819-1822), says of it: "A well-known, popular song and tune, describing the feelings of the Jacobite ladies of those days." Ray, the volunteer, in his journal, says: "I found always the ladies most violent—they would listen to no manner of reason."

Page 205. **Drumossie Moor.**—Drumossie Moor was another name for Culloden, near Inverness, where Prince Charles suffered his final defeat at the hands of William, Duke of Cumberland, the son of George II. The cruelty with which the rebels were pursued earned for Cumberland the name of "Butcher."

Page 206. **The Scotch Exile's Lament.**—Hogg says of this song: "It is a sweet old thing, very popular both in Scotland and England. . . . It is uncertain to what period the song refers" ("Jacobite Relics," Series II., p. 355).

Page 207. **"God Bless the King."**—This quatrain was composed by John Byrom (1692-1763), who said that he wrote it to allay the violence of party spirit, when the nation was divided into two parties, one for "the king over the water," the other for the king on the throne.

Page 207. **Hearts of Oak.**—This stirring patriotic song, by David Garrick, was first sung at Drury Lane Theatre in 1759 at a Christmas entertainment. It was a time of great elation in England, on account of victories gained at Minden, Quiberon, and Québec in 1759, the "wonderful

year" of the lyric, in which "the British arms were covered with glory by the Marquis of Granby, Lord Hawke, and General Wolfe."

Page 209. **Lord Chatham's Prophecy.**—Published in June 1776.

Gage.—General Gage was appointed Governor of Massachusetts in 1774, and it was an expedition sent by him in 1775 to seize the rebel arms at Concord which was met by the Americans at Lexington. After the battle of Bunker's Hill he was recalled home.

British.—The Americans were then British subjects.

The Senate.—The English Parliament.

Percy.—Hugh Percy, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, was in command of a brigade, but did not accompany his regiment to Bunker's Hill, where it was, in his own words, "almost cut to pieces."

Grenadiers.—The Grenadiers used to hold the place of honour in the army—the right when in line and the front when in column.

Howe.—General Howe was in command, under General Gage, at the Battle of Bunker's Hill, where the English forces were defeated by the Americans in 1775.

Warren.—The account of the Battle of Bunker's Hill in the Annual Register for 1775 contains the following notice of Warren:—"But the loss they (*i.e.* the Americans) lamented most was that of Dr Warren, who, acting as a Major-General, was killed fighting bravely at their head. This gentleman . . . had been one of the delegates to the first General, and was at this time President of the Provincial Congress, but, quitting his profession as a physician, he shed his blood gallantly in the service of his country."

Howe.—Admiral Lord Howe, the elder brother of General Howe, was in command of the fleet sent to America. He is here compared to the Duke of Alva, the oppressor of the Netherlands in the reign of Philip I.

Franklin.—Benjamin Franklin, an American printer who interested himself in science, and first suggested the protection of buildings by lightning conductors. In the disputes that arose between the English Government and the American Colonies, he was sent to London to represent the interests of the latter; and when his recommendations were neglected, Franklin returned to America, and assisted actively in the deliberations of the Congress which drew up the Declaration of Independence.

Amphyctyon.—A Greek mythical hero, supposed to have founded the celebrated "Amphictyonic" Council of Ancient Greece.

Yon hero.—General Montgomery, the American leader, who was slain in an attack on Quebec made in a snowstorm.

Vain France power.—The French did not declare war till 1778, but their interference was already anticipated.

Page 213. **Character of Chatham.**—From Cowper's "Table Talk," a dialogue between two imaginary people, A and B, on the necessity of character in public men.

Cowper had a great admiration for Chatham's eloquence, which he refers to in his "Task" and in "The Timepiece."

Demosthenes.—The great Athenian orator and statesman.

Paul.—St Paul.

Tully.—Cicero, the greatest orator and man of letters produced by ancient Rome.

Page 214. **Character of Burke.**—These lines are from Goldsmith's verses "Retaliation." The poet had been annoyed by a mock epitaph made in fun on him by Garrick, and ridiculing him in these words—

"Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel and talked like Poor Poll."

Goldsmith retaliated by hitting off the characters of Garrick and other friends in "Retaliation."

Tommy Townshend (1730-1797).—Afterwards Lord Sydney—then member for Whitchurch.

Of dining.—Burke's speeches were so long that in spite of his eloquence, his rising was a signal for members to leave the house. Hence he was called "the dinner bell."

For a patriot too cool.—Burke had supported the Americans in their revolt.

Page 214. **The Dungannon Convention.**—When the English Government withdrew their troops from Ireland, and proposed to replace them by foreign mercenaries, the Irish declared that they were strong enough themselves to resist invasion, and formed a large volunteer army. In February 1782 representatives of the Irish volunteer companies met in the church of Dungannon in Tyrone, where they passed twenty-one resolutions, demanding Parliamentary Reform for Ireland. The result was a series of unconditional concessions from the English Government, and from 1782 to 1800 the Irish had a separate Parliament of their own.

Shako.—A military cap with a peak in front.

By green flags orange flags.—Green, the National colour; orange, the colour of the Protestants of the North.

Page 216. **On the Restoration of the Forfeited Estates.**—This is nearly the last of the Jacobite ballads. The clemency that restored the exiles of '45 to their ancestral homes changed the tone of rebellion to one of regretful acquiescence and submission. It was not till forty years had passed that the Act to restore the exiled families to their homes, and so conciliate the Highlanders, was carried by the English Parliament under the younger Pitt's administration. Few of the original exiles survived, but their children and descendants still lingered abroad, and their return was hailed with delight by the whole of the Scottish nation.

The Camerons.—This clan was ardent in its support of the Stuarts.

Lochiel.—The chief of the Camerons.

Page 218.—**The French Revolution.**—This passage is taken from the eleventh book of Wordsworth's poem, "The Prelude," in which he tells the history of his youth. In these lines he describes the exultation felt by generous spirits at the hopes of reform which were inspired by the early days of the French Revolution.

Utopia.—The ideal island, described by Sir Thomas More in his work of the same name.

Page 220. **France: An Ode.**—This ode was published in 1798 under the title of "Recantation." Coleridge, like Wordsworth, admired the spirit of liberty that led to the French Revolution, but also, like Wordsworth, condemned the horrors that followed it. Especially did both poets lament the attempted subjugation of the free states of Switzerland by the French Republic.

The Monarchs . . . array.—After the death of Louis XVI. England joined Austria and Prussia, which were already at war with France.

Blasphemy's loud scream.—An allusion to the worship of the "Goddess of Reason," by one section of the Republic, during the Reign of Terror.

Helvetia.—Switzerland.

Page 223. **The Battle of the Baltic.**—This poem by Campbell celebrates the victory of Sir Hyde Parker and Nelson over the Danes at Copenhagen in 1801.

Then Denmark . . . repose.—Nelson's kindness and consideration for the vanquished on this occasion won the hearts even of the enemy.

Riou.—The captain of a frigate in attendance on Nelson.

Page 226. **September 1802.**—This sonnet was composed by Wordsworth on his arrival at Dover from France, which he had visited

during the brief interval of peace that followed the Treaty of Amiens. Although peace had been made, everyone knew that danger was by no means at an end.

Page 227. To the Men of Kent.—In 1803 war broke out again, and Napoleon began to assemble a large army at Boulogne and made active preparations for the invasion of England. His army was to be conveyed across the Channel in flat-bottomed boats, and would have probably landed somewhere on the Kentish coast opposite Boulogne. The men of Kent are called “Vanguard of Liberty,” because they would have been the first to meet the attack.

Confirmed the Charters.—This probably refers to the Peasants’ Revolt in 1381, when the Kentish peasants marching to London, under Wat Tyler, obtained from Richard II. charters of emancipation. These were afterwards annulled by the Government.

Page 228. The Arrival of Nelson’s Corpse.—This poem of Dibdin’s was extremely popular, partly because Dibdin was himself a singer and actor, as well as a composer, and brought out his sea-songs at the Lyceum Theatre, which he engaged for that purpose.

For ever set at rest.—The Battle of Trafalgar destroyed the naval power of France, and brought to a close the long duel—the second “Hundred Years’ War”—waged between France and England during the eighteenth century for colonial supremacy.

Page 228. To Thomas Clarkson.—Thomas Clarkson devoted his life to the suppression of the slave trade, and though he met with much opposition, a Bill for its abolition was at last passed in 1807.

The bloody writing.—The written deeds by which negroes were sold as slaves.

Page 229. Lines on the Death of Fox.—Charles James Fox became Prime Minister in 1806, and died after holding office for only nine months. Wordsworth, who had sympathised with Fox politically, tells us that he “composed these lines at Grasmere, during a walk after a stormy day, having just read in a newspaper that the dissolution of Mr Fox was hourly expected.”

Page 230. The Burial of Sir John Moore.—This poem was suggested to the author by Southey’s account in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, of the burial of Sir John Moore, who was killed in the Battle of Corunna, in 1809. The poem was not written till 1817.

The ramparts.—Sir John Moore was buried within the citadel.

Page 232. Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland.—This sonnet was composed in 1806 or 1807, and first published in 1807. In 1803 Switzerland, whose independence had been acknowledged ever since the Peace of Westphalia, in 1648, was occupied by Napoleon, and reduced to a position which was really that of a province of France.

One is of the Sea.—That of Great Britain.

One of the Mountains.—That of Switzerland.

A Tyrant.—Buonaparte.

Then cleave . . . left.—This sonnet was written when Napoleon was at the height of his power, and had defeated the Emperors of Russia and Austria at Austerlitz, and thus broken up the Third Coalition. Of the three allies only England remained undefeated.

Page 232. Waterloo.—These stanzas, from Byron's "Childe Harold," describe the now famous ball given by the Duchess of Richmond, at Brussels, on the eve of Waterloo. In the middle of the dancing the Duke came in, and in answer to a query as to rumours of an impending battle, replied, "Yes, they are true; we are off to-morrow."

Brunswick's fated chieftain.—Frederick William, Duke of Brunswick, nephew of George III., fell fighting at Quatre Bras. His father had been killed at Jena (1806).

Evan's, Donald's Fame.—Evan and Donald Cameron, who fought in the rising of '45. Cameron's great-great-grandson, John Cameron, was in command of the 92nd Highlanders at Quatre Bras, where he was mortally wounded.

Ardennes.—A wood near Quatre Bras, supposed to be part of the old Forest of Ardennes.

Howard.—Frederick Howard, the son of the fifth Earl of Carlisle, fell in the evening of the Battle of Waterloo. Byron was a connection of Lord Carlisle, whom he attacked in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

Page 236. Death of the Princess Charlotte.—These stanzas, also from "Childe Harold," lament the early death of Princess Charlotte. She was the only daughter of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., and heir to the throne. In 1816 she was married to Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, and died the following year, in giving birth to a son who did not live. The hopes of the nation, disgusted with the selfish frivolity of her father, had been centred in her.

Page 238. England in 1819.—This poem, by Shelley, is one of a series "written to commemorate the people's wrongs and circumstances."

It was composed in the last year of George III., who had been mentally afflicted for nearly thirty years. The Napoleonic Wars and the Industrial Revolution had had disastrous effects on the prosperity of the country, which was in a most unsettled condition.

Page 238. **Exhortation to Mrs Fry.**—These lines, from Byron's "Don Juan," are a skit on the dull and dissolute Court of George IV. Elizabeth Fry (1780-1845) was a Quaker philanthropist, who devoted her life to visiting prisoners and trying to ameliorate their condition.

Carlton.—Carlton House was the residence of George IV. when Prince Regent.

Of good three score.—The date of these verses should be 1822, not 1821, when "Don Juan" was begun. George IV. was born in 1762 and was now sixty years of age, but he still aped the manners of a young man. On a visit to Scotland in 1822 he paraded in Highland dress.

Sir William Curtis.—Lord Mayor of London in 1818. George IV. greatly affected his society. He was fat and old, hence the allusion to Falstaff.

Page 239. **Song. From Corn Law Rhymes.**—The Corn Laws were not repealed till 1846, but long before that year there had existed a widespread agitation for their abolition. The cause of the Free Traders was powerfully aided by Ebenezer Elliott, who in his "Corn Law Rhymes" represented the misery which working people suffered from the taxation of their chief article of food.

Clammed.—A dialect word for fasted or starved.

Page 241. **The Press.**—This also is from Elliott's "Corn Law Rhymes." The passing of the First Reform Bill in 1832, which enfranchised for the first time such great manufacturing centres as Manchester, Birmingham, and Sheffield, was hailed with delight by the artisans who formed the bulk of their populations, as heralding a new era. The success of the Bill was supposed by Elliott to be largely due to the influence of newspapers, hence this eulogy of the press.

Page 242. **Queen Victoria's First Parliament.**—These lines are from a poem by Mrs Browning, called "The Soul's Travelling." The writer imagines her soul travelling over the world, seeing the towns and cities, and watching the people in their joys and sorrows. She is arrested by the sound of rejoicing and ringing of bells that attend the progress of the young Queen Victoria to open her first Parliament.

More . . . memories.—Queen Victoria was only eighteen years old at the time of her accession.

Page 243. The Men of 'Forty-Eight.—In 1848, owing to the example of the revolution in France, which overthrew the Orleanist dynasty and established in its place the Second Republic, there was a revival of Socialistic ideals in England, which exhibited itself in a final outbreak of Chartism. The Chartists formed what they called a National Convention, and used language so violent that many people thought England was on the verge of a revolution. The movement collapsed, but the ideas which it had represented were embodied in new forms and are still active. This poem was written by Gerald Massey, who was in sympathy with the movement.

Titan.—The mythical giants who fought against Zeus and were cast down into the depths below Tartarus. The allusion here is to "Monarchy," which is compared to a Titan in its strength to oppress the people.

Spartan band.—The Spartans, men of Sparta in Greece, were famed for their courage and tenacity in fighting.

Page 245. Wellington and Nelson.—The burial of the Duke of Wellington took place in November 1852. Tennyson's "Ode" was published on the morning of that day, but some additions were made to it afterwards. It was abused in all directions by the Press, but Sir Henry Taylor, the great essayist and critic, wrote about it to Tennyson, "It has a greatness worthy of its theme, and an absolute simplicity and truth, with all the poetic passion of your nature moving beneath." This is now the verdict of all judges of poetry.

Assaye.—A town in India, where Sir Arthur Wellesley (afterwards the Duke of Wellington) gained his first brilliant victory over the Mahrattas.

Round affrighted Lisbon drew.—This is an allusion to the triple fortifications known as the "Lines of Torres Vedras" which Wellington raised round Lisbon. When forced to act on the defensive he retired behind these fortifications, and thus wearied the enemy and gained strength for future action.

Back to France.—After a long struggle Wellington succeeded in driving the French over the Pyrenees to Toulouse, where the last battle of the Peninsular War was fought.

Again their ravening eagle rose.—The eagle had been depicted on the French flag since the time of Charlemagne. The allusion is to the escape of Napoleon from Elba and the campaign of Waterloo.

On that loud Sabbath.—The battle of Waterloo was fought on 18th June 1815, which was a Sunday.

Dashed . . . square.—The English formation was in squares. As

soon as one man was shot down another from the interior of the square took his place. Wellington had given orders to his men to remain steadfast and not to charge. Hence the various attacks of the French dashed against them as waves against a rock.

Last the Prussian trumpet blew.—Towards evening the Prussian troops, under Blücher, who had been delayed by the heavy roads, appeared in sight. Wellington then gave orders to his troops to charge, and the battle was concluded.

O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile.—An allusion to Nelson's victories in the Baltic in 1801, and at the mouth of the Nile in 1798.

Page 247. **The Charge of the Light Brigade.**—The poem is founded on an incident in the Crimean War, when, by a mistaken order, six hundred Light Cavalry charged the whole Russian Army. It was first published in *The Examiner*, 9th December 1854. It became a great favourite among the troops who were besieging Sebastopol, for whom Tennyson had a thousand copies printed at his own expense.

Page 249. **To Queen Victoria.**—After the death of Wordsworth Tennyson became Poet Laureate, and this poem to Queen Victoria, prefixed to the seventh edition of his works in 1851, was the first written in that capacity.

This base.—This is Tennyson's tribute to Wordsworth, whose work is distinguished by its high moral tone.

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